

Laugh and be fat:
W. Henry OR AN *English*
ANTIDOTE
By AGAINST *W. H.*
MELANCHOLY:

CONTAINING

- I. Great Variety of Comical
INTRIGUES and STORIES, in
Town and Country.
- II. POEMS upon various Occasions.
- III. Witty EPIGRAMS and WHIMS.
- IV. EPITAPHS Serious and Comical.
- V. Pleasant SONGS and BALLADS.

Written by the most ingenious Authors of the Age.

The Tenth EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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JOHN LEVER, Bookseller, Sta-
tioner and Printseller, at *Little*
Moorgate, near *Moorfields*.

THE P R E F A C E.

I Think there needs nothing further to recommend the following Collection, than to acquaint the World, that amongst the entertaining Variety therein contain'd, there are several Excellent things, Reputed to be Written by some of the most Masterly Pens that the present Age hath hitherto been Proud of; but whether Printed by Consent of, or Revised by the Authors, I will not venture to affirm without better assurance.

The Persons concern'd in this Publication hope no Gentlemen will be Offended at the Liberty they have taken, in Rudely introducing their Papers in such mix'd Company, without Deference to their Merit, or Regard to that Precedency which they ought to, and should have had, but that the Book was collected by degrees, and one Sheet wrought off before another was Completed; I was therefore desired by the Book-

The Preface.

seller, who was himself the chief Gleaner of the following Miscellany, to Write this Preface on Purpose to beg Pardon of any Gentleman Proprietor, who shall think himself Injur'd in the use of any of his Writings without his Leave or Knowledge.

Having thus far pursued the Instructions of the Bookseller, I now think myself obliged to say something in Relation to myself.

A worthy Gentleman, Author of Mr. Thomas Brown's Life (tho' how much Justice he has done to the Memory of his Friend, let the World judge) has been pleased there to pass such an High-Flying Compliment upon me, that I don't remember I have ever deserved at his Hands; in return to which, tho' I allow him a wonderful Discreet Gentleman, and a Celebrated Bard, yet I would have him think he no more exceeds Doctor G——h in Poetry, than the Hooting of an Owl does the Harmony of a Nightingale. So Farewell.

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Laugh

Laugh and be Fat, &c.

*The Parson and the Fowls: Or, the Maid
too Cunning for her Master.*

A Rich old Batchelor, a Clergyman in the Country, having made choice of a Pretty young Maid to be his House-keeper, had Order'd, upon a certain Sunday, a couple of Fowls to be got ready for his Dinner, that after he had given his Congregation a little Christian Consolation at Church, he might come Home and refresh his tired vitals with a dainty Modicum. When the Clerk, and his Loobily Assistants, had chimed all in for about a Quarter of an Hour, away jog'd the Shepherd to Fodder his Sheep, and measure his Time by his Hour-Glass, leaving his pretty House-keeper to prepare the Cacklers against the accustomed Time of his Return.

The diligent Maid, when she thought her Ghostly Master had been long enough

enough Exalted two Degrees above the Clerk, to get about a Quarter of an Hour on the Right side of his Text, guess'd it a very proper Time to lay down the Fowls, which she did accordingly. As the Tid-Bits were running merrily round before a Rowzing Fire, who should take the advantage of the Parson's Absence, but his House-keeper's Sweetheart, who, by his pleasant comical Hoity-Toities, and other winning Accomplishments, had so wriggled himself into her Affections, that it is not unreasonable to think he had as much Command of her as her Master.

The Maid having mistaken the Time of Day, happen'd to be a little too early with her Cookery, so that the Fowls were full ready before the Parson had given his Hungry Auditory leave to return Home to their Puddings and Dumplings. The Sweetheart being a Fellow of an incomparable Stomach, thought it a great pity such good Victuals should be spoil'd for want of Eating, and very eagerly Solicited his Loving Jug to spare him one of the Fowls to stop a little Hole he had in his Appetite, telling her, one would be sufficient for her Master, and that she had

had Wit enough to contrive some Story or other to handsomely excuse the matter, and blind him from the true knowledge of what became of it.

The Maid being willing to oblige her Lover, who she found was so desirous to oblige her upon all Occasions, ventur'd to take up one to save the Longing of her Sweetheart, who, being very well prepared for such a nice Entertainment, gobbled it up with such Expedition, that before his Benefactress had wound up the Jack, he had not so much as left the Claws which the poor Cockril us'd to scratch the Dunghill withal.

He had no sooner thus dispatch'd his Sweetheart's first courtesy, but he began to be very importunate with her for the Second, telling her, an excuse was as easily made for both as for one; and that she had as good be Hang'd for a Sheep as a Lamb; till at last, by adding a few melting Kisses to his Ravenous Solicitations, he prevail'd upon her to draw the other off the Spit, that he might finish his Meal, by Robbing the Parson of his Sunday's Dinner. The Second Bird being brought before him, he lost no time, but drove down the former

former with the latter, without any visible abatement of either his Speed or his Appetite. When he had clear'd the Dish, and wash'd all down with a Cup of the Parson's best Beer, he took a thankful Leave of his Mistress, who now began to be at her Wits end how to excuse the Rudeness she had so Foolishly committed.

As she was thus Pondering with herself, who should step in but the Parson and a Stranger with him, who coming from another Town to hear him Preach, the Parson thought himself oblig'd to invite him home to dinner with him.

No sooner had the old Levite conducted his Guest into his Parlour, but he beg'd his Pardon a Minute, and retir'd into another Room to whet his Knife upon the Frame of an old Table, which was always his Custom before Dinner; the Maid, in a Peck of Fears and Troubles, took the advantage of this Interim, and stepping into the Parlour in a strange seeming sort of disorder, frightens away her Master's Guest, with a surprizing Story as follows, viz. Lord, Sir, how came you to venture yourself Home with my Master at this Time of Day? When if you had known him, you might have easily discover'd

discover'd by his Countenance, he is in one of his old Freaks. Why, what's the matter with him? says the Country Farmer, he was woundy Civil to me in the Church-Yard, and by all means would bring me Home to Dine with him: Alas! Good Sir, reply'd the Maid, what ever you do, let me advise you to make the best of your way out of the House, for if you stay now he is in one of his Frenzical Humours, he will certainly geld you; and I dare say he is whetting his knife for the same purpose: He has lately serv'd two or three so already, tho' they have had the Discretion to keep it silent, because they should not be Laugh'd at. I thank thee kindly Sweetheart, cry'd the Countryman, are these his Tricks with a Pox to him? Wounds, shew me the next way out, for I would not lose my Tarriwags for the best Dinner in *Christendom*; upon which the Wench shew'd him out of a Back-Door, and away ran my Gaffer as if the Devil was at his Heels.

He had not been gone a minute, but in comes the Parson with his Knife in his Hand, and finds his Maid Stamping and Storming, as if she was Raving Mad, in the Parlour, with an empty Smeer'd Dish upon the Table, and his Guest

Guest gone ; What's the matter now ? says the Parson : What's the meaning of all this ? Where's the Man gone that I brought Home with me ? Lord, Sir, replies the Maid, I never saw such an unmannerly Hound since my eyes were open, I no sooner brought the Fowls to the Table, but he snatch'd them both out of the Dish, and Cram'd 'em into his Codpiece, and away he scower'd out of the back Door as if the Devil were in him. Nouns, says the Priest, I am resolv'd the Impudent Rogue shall not Cozen me of my Dinner so ; And away runs the Parson after the Countryman, who, by this Time, had got near a Field's length off of him ; but however, having Preach'd himself very Hungry, he Trotted away after him with his Naked Knife in his Hand, crying out, Give me, you brazen Rogue, what you have run away with in your Breeches ; the Fellow answering as he ran, Efaith, Doctor, not I, I would rather see you hang'd first. The Parson finding the Fellow too nimble for him, was very willing to compound, and cry'd out in milder Terms, Prithee, Friend, don't run away with them both, but be so kind to let me have one of them. Not I, by the Mass, replies the Fellow, I had rather see you at
the

the Devil than part with either of them. The Farmer being Young and Lusty, soon got Ground of the Parson, that he was forced to give out his Chase, and return home Puffing and Blowing, having nothing left but Batchelors Fare, viz. Bread and Cheese and Kisses for his Sunday's Dinner.

*The Lady's Complaint against the Merchant
for running away with the Pump.*

A Turkey Merchant Travelling upon the Road, about Twenty Miles from London, happen'd to be over-taken by very bad Weather a little before Night, and having no Prospect of a Publick House to have recourse to for Shelter, being a Man of Figure, he resolv'd to beg Admittance at the first House he came to, to avoid the Severity of the increasing Storm; he had not Gallop'd on above a Furlong further before he came to a pretty neat Box, which stood by the High-Way side, where he beheld a very Beautiful Lady looking out of a Window, upon which he rid up to the Door, and applying himself to the Lady at the Casement, humbly beg'd her to take pity upon a Distressed Traveller, and that

that she would be so kind to give him a Reception till the violence of the Storm was blown over, or abated : The Compassionate Lady discerning him to be a Gentleman soon granted his Request, and order'd her Servant to admit her Weather-beaten Suppliant, and to take care of his Horse : He had no sooner taken Sanctuary in his little Paradise, as he thought it, but a Rousing Fire was kindled in the Parlour, and a Cap, Night-Gown, Shirt, Slippers, and all Conveniences were brought him for shifting off his wet Apparel, and putting himself into a more Comfortable Condition.

When he had thus refresh'd his Body with a good Fire and a dry Garment, he presented his Service to the Lady by her Waiting Maid, and humbly crav'd leave to pay his Respects to the Lady, and that she would honour him with an Opportunity of returning her Thanks for the Great and Charitable Obligation she had confer'd upon him. No sooner was the Message deliver'd, but the Generous Lady very readily bless'd him with her Company : After he had attack'd her Ears with a whole Volley of Compliments, and discharg'd himself at her Entrance very much-like a Gentleman,

Gentleman, she call'd for a Bottle of Canary, and order'd a very agreeable cold Entertainment to be brought in till something was provided hot, that might be more acceptable.

By this time the Gentleman presum'd so far, as to ask the Lady if she were Marry'd, who answer'd in the Negative, further telling him, that she was Oblig'd to a Gentleman, who was her peculiar Friend, for her Residence in that House, who was gone a long Journey into *Scotland*, and that she did not expect him back this Six Weeks; and with all, assur'd him, since the Weather prov'd so bad, he should be very welcome to stay all Night if it suited with his Conveniency. The Gentleman being a Jolly Juvenile Spark, and very Amorously inclin'd, had no power to refuse so kind an Invitation from so fair a Lady, but made a Facetious acknowledgement of her Favour, and thankfully accepted of her Obliging Proffer; and to prevent any mistrust that, upon more mature Deliberation, she might have of his being some designing Person, he plucks a Letter out of his Pocket, directed to him at his House in *London*, from Sir Robert J——, a Justice of the Peace in the City,

City, which had been sent him about three Days before by the Penny-Post; the Lady read it over with abundance of Attention, making him a Compliment when she had done, viz. That there needed nothing further than his Appearance to prove him a Gentleman.

The Merchant, as he had good reason, believing her to be a Lady in Keeping, began to take Heart of Grace, and to Treat her after such an Amorous manner, that was sufficient to let her understand he expected, as certainly as he lay there that Night, that she should be his Bed-fellow; so that when Supper was over, having prepar'd her with a few melting Kisses, and other softening Preliminaries, he took the Freedom to make her Sensible of the inexpressible Happiness he had the hopes of Enjoying; to which she seem'd neither very averle, nor yet over forward, but Cunningly signified after a Bifarious manner, that she wanted some further Inducement than barely Love and Importunity to bring her to a Compliance; upon which, the Merchant, being an Intelligent Man, soon discover'd her meaning, and being Elevated by her Charms and Dalliance to the highest pitch of Desire,

told

told her that he had no Present about him worthy of her Acceptance ; but if, at any time, when she came to *London*, she would give herself the trouble to send for him to any Tavern, he would be extreamly glad to wait on her, and that he would Present her with Fifty Guineas to buy her a Diamond Ring, if she would do him the honour to wear it for his Sake. She seemingly took but slight notice of his generous offer ; but however began to shift off her former Coyness, and Lip-led him into a pretty good Assurance that he had gain'd the Point, and at last condescended so far as as to promise him her Favours ; which was no sooner done, but a convenient Bed of Resignation was ordered to be Sheeted next to her own Chamber, whither she could have an easy Recourse at Midnight without the Notice of her Servants.

When all things were in readiness, the Merchant hasted to his Pillow, thinking every Minute an Age till the Business was Consummated : When all things were hush, the Servants gone to Bed, and the Opportunity prove'd seasonable, the lady was as good as her word, and nothing but Sallengers-Round

was

was reciprocally Danc'd, till both Parties were rather tir'd than satisfied. About Day-break the Lady bid him Good-Morrow, and return'd to her own Bed, leaving her weary'd Lover to refresh himself with a little Sleep after his hard Night's Journey: When three or four Hours Repose had enabled him to rise, up he got, and recovering his loss of Spirits with a plentiful Cup of Mull'd Canary, he return'd the Lady abundance of Thanks for her Compassionate Favours, discharg'd himself handsomely of the Servants, and so proceeded on his Journey.

About a Month after, the Lady came to Town, and according to her Lover's Directions made bold to send for him to a certain Tavern no great distance from his own House; but the Gentleman recollecting what an extravagant Promise he had made the Lady in Requital of her Favours, thought it the wisest way to neglect going; accordingly he sent back word, that he was very Busy and could not possibly wait on her; which provoking Slight, after the pretence of so much Kindness, justly kindled in the Lady such a Revengeful Indignation, that her Nimble Wits had soon form'd a Project

Project how she should be even with him, resolving to put her Design in Practice with all Expedition.

Accordingly she takes Coach, and orders the Coachman to drive her to Sir Robert J——, a known Justice of the Peace, and the very Gentleman who sent the Letter to the Merchant which he had shewn to the Lady: Sir Robert being at Home and at Leisure, she was soon admitted to acquaint the Justice with her Business, and told him, that she had a great Complaint against his Friend Mr. Hazard. The Justice seem'd much surpris'd that so pretty a Lady should appear as an Enemy against his Friend, whom he always thought to be a Man of unspotted Reputation, desiring to know what she had to charge him with: Upon which the Injur'd Lady thus laid open her Grievances, viz. *Your Friend, Mr. Hazard, the Merchant, not long since took of me a very pleasant little Tenement, which he was to Occupy without any let, binderance, or molestation, for a certain Term agreed on between both Parties, in consideration of the Sum of 50 Guineas, which he was to pay me upon demand, and after he had enjoy'd the Premisses, with all its Appurtenances, the full time of*

the Agreement, he quitted the Possession very dishonourably, and now hides himself from me, because he would not pay me the Money. Madam, reply'd the Justice, I am very sorry to hear these things of a Gentleman who is my Friend, and a Person that has always enjoy'd so fair a Character; but however, Madam, these are Matters that come within the Cognizance of the Common Law, so that they are not properly within my Sphere to meddle with, but this Service I can do you; if you please, Madam, I will send for him, and if, upon hearing both sides, I find he has done you Wrong, I will perswade him all that I can to do you Justice.

The Lady approv'd very well of the Proposal, and thank'd his Worship for his Civility; accordingly Sir Robert dispatch'd his Footman with a Message to Mr. Hazard, which brought him presently before his Fair Accuser, who repeated over her former Complaint before the Face of the Offender: The Merchant at first was very much surpris'd to find himself sent for upon this Occasion, till perceiving the Lady had so wittily couch'd her Accusation under such a Modest Allegory, and then he thought it best to acknowledge the Charge, lest, by denying it, he should pro-
voke

voke the Lady to give the Justice a full Explanation of her Meaning, to his open Shame and Dishonour, so that he confess'd he had taken a Tenement of her upon such a Consideration as was alledg'd. But, Madam, says he, you know there was a deep Well belonging to this Tenement, which wanted a Substantial Pump, without which you are sensible the Tenement would have been of no use to me; therefore since I was at the Expence of putting up such a conveniency, I think it but Justice that you should make a reasonable Abatement: But, Sir, reply'd the Lady, you must consider, when you quitted the Possession, that you took the Pump along with you; had you left the Pump standing that I could have had the use of it when I had seen Occasion, I should now be very willing to allow any Deduction; but since you put up the Pump for your own Pleasure, and carry'd it away with you when you left the Tenement, I think it but reason I should have my full Money. Well, Madam, replies the Gentleman, because you shall have no just reason to say I have dealt hardly by a fair Lady, I promise you, before I part with you, to give you your full Money, and to lend you the Pump into the Bargain, provided you will take care never to abuse it: The

Lady punctually promised it should never be the worse for her wearing. So taking leave of Sir Robert, he waited upon the Lady to the next Tavern, in order to lend her the Pump, and pay her the Money.

Thirty Thousand Pounds bid for a Pair of Band-strings, or the two Precious Stones presented to a Rich Widow.

A Rich Old Alderman of the City of London, that dealt much in the Interloping Trade to the *East-Indies*, having a pretty young Gentleman to his Nephew, who had been bred under him; and being willing to give him an Opportunity of raising his Fortune, sent him Abroad in the Post of a Super-Cargo, and withal gave him a Thousand Pounds to improve himself, with the best Directions he could how to manage it to Advantage: But the Young Gentleman, it being his first Voyage, met with such unexpected Losses and Crosses Abroad, that he at last was forced to return home very Unfortunate, and was so far from having added to his Uncle's Benevolence, that he had quite embezzled not only his own Stock, but his Uncle's Cargo; however, making it appear to the

the Old Gentleman, it was more owing to Misfortune than Extravagance, he was very kind and fatherly to his Kinsman, notwithstanding his Disappointment; and having a Young Brisk Widow Lady, to whom he was a Cashier, and for whom he sometimes Traded, that used often to Dine with him, he resolv'd, by a Stratagem, to try if he could not recommend his Nephew as a Person worthy of her Affections, and as a Gentleman proper to become her Husband.

Accordingly, to put his Project in practice, he provided himself with a stout Horse-Whip, which he convey'd privately under his Cloak; and when thus arm'd for his Design, he desir'd his Nephew's Company to the Tavern, in order to take part of a small Collation. The Young Gentleman, who was always very forward to obey his Uncle, shew'd himself ready in an instant to answer his Request: And away troop'd the Old Fox to the next Tavern, with the Unfortunate Cub after him.

They were no sooner enter'd, but the Uncle desir'd a private Room above Stairs, a Quart of Claret and Tobacco, ordering the Drawer not to suffer any Body to disturb them in half an Hour,

for that they had some particular Business together, that would at least require that time to be dispatch'd in.

When all things were performed according to Order, and the Door shut, the Old Gentleman commanded his Nephew to strip to his Shirt, that he might see what Linen he wore, for he had been informed he was grown such a Nasty Lousy Sloven that no Body would venture to lie with him. The young Gentleman, mightily surpriz'd at his Uncle's Request, could not imagine what to think of it; at last considering some Body or other, thro' Prejudice, might report such a Malicious Story, he resolv'd to give his Uncle the Satisfaction he requir'd, and accordingly pluck'd off his Coat and Waistcoat, assuring him it could be nothing but the Spiteful Suggestion of some Envious Person who was his Enemy; and that in every particular the report was Scandalously False.

When he was thus strip'd to his Shirt the Gunning Old *Sly-Boots*, the better to effect his Ends, puts on his Spectacles, and fell to peeping about his Wristbands and his Collar, as if, in good earnest, he had been looking for Vermin.

Come,

Come, Sirrah, says he, now down with your Breeches, let me look the Waistband, for that's the most likely Harbour to find such Cattle in. Lord, Sir, says the young Gentleman, you command me now beyond Modesty. I tell you, Sirrah, replies the Uncle, I will see what Condition you are in, and therefore do as I bid you, or it shall be more out of your way than your Head is worth. The Nephew knowing his Uncle to be a Man of better Morals than to have any Brutal Design upon him, for fear of Disobliging him, condescended to his further Request, which he had no sooner done but the Old Cuff fell to peeping into the Seams and Gathers, as earnestly as if he had no other Drift, than to see if he was Loufy; but of a sudden as he was thus searching, pretendedly for the Creepers, up he starts, and before the other could pluck up his Breeches, he hugs out his Horse-whip, seemingly in a mighty Passion; Sirrah, says he, let your Breeches hang, I have heard you Whored away your Money in *Spain* and *Italy*, and that you are return'd home with such a damnable Pox, that the Testimonies of your Manhood are swell'd as big, Sirrah, as a couple of *Norfolk* Dumplins, and I am resolv'd, before you stir, to know the Truth.

of the matter; therefore lug out your young Smock-smelling Plugtail, that I may see your Condition, or I will jirk your Buttocks with this Instrument of Correction, till I make your Teeth chatter in your Codpiece. The young Gentleman believing from his Uncle's Passion he had really heard what he told him, betwixt Fear and Anger, gave the Old Gentleman the Liberty of beholding the Premises, that his own Eyes might bear Witness of the Falshood of these base Aspersions.

When the Uncle had beheld all, according to his Judgment, in a very sound Condition, Now, Nephew says he, I have a mind to make a Bargain with you, what shall I give you for those pair of Bandstrings that Dame Nature has ty'd the bottom of your Belly with. Lord, Sir, says the Kinsman, I would not take Twenty Thousand Pounds for them. I will give thee, replies the Uncle, Twenty Thousand Pounds for 'em, and that's more than they are worth by abundance of Money. Bless me, Sir, replies the Nephew, I would not part with them for Forty. Thou Extravagant Urchin, cries the Old Dad, I will give thee Thirty Thousand for them, and if you will not take that you may keep them. In Truth, Sir, returns the young one, not I, I would not part with
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one of them for the Universe. Then thou may'st e'en Dress thy self, says the Old Chap, and button up your Ware, for I shall not be your Purchaser. Pray Sir, says the Nephew, now your Heat's over, what is your meaning for all this? I am perfectly amazed at the oddness of your Fancy. Hold your Tongue, Boy, cries old Crusty, and set down to thy Bottle and thy Pipe, when thou hast that in thy Bed, that I have in my Head, you will rightly understand my meaning. He then proceeded to ask his Nephew what ready Money he had at his command, who told him, about Fifty Guineas, and that was all he had in the World: That's not sufficient, says the Old Gentleman, there's a Bank Bill for two Hundred Pounds more; before you take care to get yourself in good Equipage, and take a couple of the Blacks from Aboard, and put them into good Liveries, and be ready to dine with me this Day Sev'n-night. Having thus deliver'd his Instructions, they drank off their Bottle, and so parted till the Time prefix'd.

The Old Gentleman had not been return'd Home above half an Hour, but who should step in to Sup with him but the Buxom Widow, who being very Merry and Jocund at the Table, gave the

Old Alderman a very seasonable Opportunity to put her in mind of *Matrimony*, wondering how so pretty a Lady, and so good a Fortune, could delight to spend so much of her Youth and Beauty without the Consolation of a good Husband; and withal, began to speak mightily in the Praile of a Jolly Handsome Young Nephew of his, who was lately come from the *East-Indies*, and had made so Prosperous a Voyage, that amongst the rest of his Effects, he had brought over a couple of such precious Stones, that he himself, but a few hours since, had bid him thirty thousand Pounds for, but could not prevail with him to part with them, because he had some thoughts of Marrying, could he meet with a Lady to his Mind; and that he was resolved to keep them for a Present to his Bride: This prevailing Story took the listening Widow presently by the Ears, who very frankly express'd herself, that as the Gentleman was his Nephew, and one that she had so fair a Character of, from so worthy a Person as himself, she should be very glad to see him, if it were for no other Reason, than that he was his Relation.

Upon this Encouragement the Old Gentleman

Gentleman told her, he had engaged his Nephew to Dine with him upon that Day Sev'n-night, and if she would be pleased to honour them with her good Company, he should think himself greatly oblig'd to her: The Lady, upon the Alderman's Request, answer'd, she would accept of his Invitation. And after she had exercised her Tongue with a little Female *Tittle Tattle*, she took her Leave, resigning the Old Alderman to his Phthysicky Cough and Flannel Night-Cap.

When the Day appointed came, all Persons met according to agreement, and the Young Spark had so improv'd his Appearance, by his Garb and Attendance, that he look'd as great as a *Scotch* Lord with a couple of his *Clan* or *Vassals* at his Elbow. The Lady, by that time Dinner was over, could not forbear signifying by her Eyes her Approbation of his Person, so that by the Old Gentleman's Management, and his Instructions to his Nephew, the matter was thoroughly effected in less than a Fortnight, and the Wedding kept, tho' with some Privacy, at the Alderman's own House, where they had not bedded above two or three Nights, but the Bride expecting the Costly Present of those precious Stones

the Alderman had told her of, took an Opportunity one Night, when she was fast lock'd in the Embraces of her new Bedfellow, to ask him what was become of those delicate Rich Stones he had brought over with him from beyond Sea, My Dear, reply'd the Bridegroom, here they are at your Service; upon my Word these are the Individual Jewels my Uncle bid me Thirty Thousand Pounds for, but I would not part with them; and upon my Word, they shall not be set to any Body's Ring but thy own. Well, my Dear, says she, since it is as it is, I am so far from repenting my Bargain, that now you have presented them to me, I assure you I accept so kindly and like them so well, that all the Money in the Universe shall not purchase them. So both Parties being well pleased they liv'd very Comfortably together.

The Scolding Wife: Or, the Husband's Comical Revenge.

A Jolly Suck-Bottle, who was unhappily decoy'd into the wrangling State of Matrimony, happen'd to be blest, over the left Shoulder, with the Devil of a Termagant, so that if he was not ready

to step into his *Marriage-Bed*, by that time *Bow-Bell* had proclaim'd the Ninth Hour, he was sure to have his Ears syringed with such a Peal of *Tongue-Thunder*, more terrible to his Lugs than the *Crowing* of a *Cock* to the trembling *Lion*: So that having stay'd one Night with some of his Merry Companions, beyond the Patience of his Bed-Fellow, well knowing that his Bundle of *Rye* would be highly provok'd at his Transgression, he bethought himself of a Project that might divert her Clamours, and change the furious Scene into a pleasant Comedy.

Accordingly he provided himself with a Pound of *Sausages*, which he button'd into his *Codpiece*, and then stagger'd Home to his *Tormentor*, in Order to put his merry Conceit in Practice. No sooner was he admitted into his noisy Habitation, but he found his *Teazer* so full charg'd, with ill Language, that she let fly a Volley of *Rogues* and *Rascals* at him, wounding his *Reputation* beyond all Patience, taxing him with the Neglect of Family Duty; crying, she was sure nothing but the Company of lewd Woman could occasion him to keep such unreasonable Hours. Upon which

which Words he snatches up a Knife in one Hand, and clapping the other into his Breeches, cuts off one of the Sausages and dabs it into the Fire, crying, he hoped now she would put an end to her Jealousy. The frightened Wife took it to be the Testimony of his Manhood, and running to the Door, made a lamentable Out-cry among the Neighbourhood, That her Husband had murder'd himself, by cutting off his *Dolittle*, and flinging it in the Fire, begging them to rise, for the Lord's sake, and to come to her Assistance.

The good Women, much alarmed at such a frightful Story, wip'd on their Under-Petticoats and Slip-Shoes, and came running with more Speed than if it had been to a Labour, that in a Minute the House was as full of *Tittle-Tattles* of all Ages, as if God *Priapus* had erected his Standard, and beat up for Female Volunteers to Fight under his Banner; all shaking their Heads, and beholding, with sorrowful Eyes, the little Spectacle in the Fire, hissing, sputtering and broiling, as if it had really been poor *Peggy* spitting its last Venom at that provoking Sex, which had often been the Occasion of his Downfall; the

Good,

Good Man sitting all the while Grunting and Groaning in his Chair as if he was just expiring: A cunning old Matron, in the Front of the Female Assembly, mistrusting there might be some Cheat in the Master, express'd herself to the rest of her Sister Gossips after the following manner, viz. Come, come, Neighbours, I think it highly necessary we should enquire into the Truth of this unhappy Business. And having spoke these Words, she pop'd her Hand into his Cod-piece, where she felt the rest of the Savages, upon which she shook her Head, and fetching a deep Sigh, cry'd out, I vow to Gad, Neighbours, he has certainly unman'd himself, and has cut so great a gash in the Bottom of his Belly, that his Guts are tumbled into his breeches, which occasion'd the good Man to burst into an open Laughter, and at last to discover the whole Secret, that the Talkative Congregation might be undeceiv'd, and return home to their warm Beds, and there with their Husbands fall to the Old Trade of *Basket-Making*; which they accordingly did, leaving the pre-supposed *Gelding*, to convince his *Whi-ber-d'ye-go*, that he had more Wit in his Anger, than to Revenge himself of an

ill Tongue by Burning his Peace-maker.

The Watch-Maker and the Constable.

A *Watch-Maker* who was much given to wind up the Springs of Life above the common Pitch, with a Chearful Bottle, happen'd one Night to tarry so long over his Tipple, that the Midnight Monarch at *Ludgate* had got the start of him, and had re-sumed his *Elbow-Throne* before the other had quitted his *Tavern-Chair*; so that having a little over-loaden himself with Liquor, as he was Staggering thro' the Gate, he had a Verbal Summons from the *Watch*, to Reel before the *Constable*, who made the accustomary Enquiry into what occasion he could have to Drink so much, and to Stay out so late? The *Watch-Maker* hickup'd out an answer as well as he could, telling the *Constable* flatly, tho' not very plainly, that good Wine and good Company were the chief Motives that induced him into this Error. Pray, Friend, further added Mr. *Coni-wobble*, of what Trade are you? A *Watch-Maker*, reply'd the other. *Adsheart*, says

says Her Majesty's Representative to his Body-Guard, suppose this Man should have a charge of Watches about him, and should happen to lose them now he is in Drink, who knows but he may lay them to our Charge. Then turning to his Drunken Respondent, ask'd him, if he had ever a Watch about him? Who, looking round him, reply'd, yes, truly, and a Constable too; I would the Devil had them all. Well, Friend, says the Constable, you may go about your Business, for if you have any Watches about you, I find you have Wit enough to secure them; and so farewell to thee.

The Waterman and the Drown'd Dog:

Or, the Gentleman Cozen'd of his Sausages.

A Gentleman who liv'd at Greenwich, having Business in London, and being a great Lover of Sausages, coming by some good Housewife's House, who was eminent for making them, he furnish'd himself with a couple of Pound in a Sheet of Brown Paper, which he design'd to carry home for his own Eating. When he had dispatch'd the Af-

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fair that call'd him to Town; he return'd to the *Tower-Stairs*, in order to take Boat for *Greenwich*: When he came to the *Water-side*, finding he had the Advantage of the Tide, being a Man of no Prodigality, he contented himself with a Sculler. The Gentleman Boarding his *Wherry*, sat himself down, and laid the *Sausages* by him; but the Paper not being ty'd, began to open a little by degrees, so that the Waterman, who was an Arch Fellow, by a Glance of his Eye, discover'd what his Fare had provided to regale himself with, but took not the least notice of 'em, that the Gentleman might not mistrust he had any knowledge of what was contain'd in his little Bundle. By and bye they happen'd to overtake a huge Dead Mastiff, floating upon the Water with his Skin off, and his flesh render'd, by Putrefaction, of as many Colours as the Rainbow. The Waterman, looking very earnestly upon the stinking Carri-ony, shook his Head, and scratch'd his Ears, and shew'd all imaginable Signs of his great uneasiness; which the Fare observing, could do no less than take notice of, asking him, If that Dog had ever been his, that he seem'd so much concern'd

cern'd at the sight of him. The Waterman answer'd him, No, but he could heartily wish he was his now, and that he would very willingly excuse him his Fare, if he would be so kind to let him go back and take him up in the Stern of the Boat: Z——ds, says the Gentleman, he will stink so confoundedly, 'twill be enough to give me the Plague; besides, I cannot imagine what the Devil thou canst propose to do with him. Ah! Master, if I had him in my Boat, I would desire no other Fare to Day; if my Wife had him at home, he would be worth at least half a Piece to us. Prithce, Friends, says the Gentleman, be so kind as to let me know what use thou would'st put him to; I have a great desire to be satisfied. The Waterman seem'd very backward, telling him, It was a Secret, and if it should be publickly known, it would be the Ruin of his Family. The Gentleman grew still the more importunate to have his Curiosity satisfied, giving such assurances of his Secrecy in the Matter, that in short the Waterman told him his Wife made Sausages, and that she had lately found by Experience, that Dogs Flesh, which had been sodden about a Month in the River, after it was well cleansed with Salt and Water, cut
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in amongst her Pork, made the tenderest and best *Sausages* in the World; and that his Wife, since her Discovery of this Secret, had got such a Reputation in what she pretended to, that she served most of the Gentry's Houses about *Greenwich*.

The Nastiness of this Story put the Gentleman into such a Haulking and Spitting Condition, as if he had been in a *Salvation*; so that when he came to his Landing-place, he very fairly walks out of the Boat, and leaves his *Sausages* behind him: The *Waterman* lets him pass on a little Way, and then taking them up in his Hand, calls after him, Sir, Sir, you have left your *Sausages* behind you. Aye, aye, replies the Gentleman, I know it well enough, thou may'st e'en take them, and a Pox take thee; the Plague take thy Wife, and the Devil take the Dog, for I shall never eat *Sausages* more, for fear they should be of your Wife's making. So away trudged the Gentleman, and left his Supper to the *Waterman*.

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*The Distressed Seamen : Or the Boat's Crew
that Sup'd in the Whale's Belly.*

A Jolly Seaman happening into the Company of some romancing Travellers, very confidently affirmed this following Story, viz. The last Voyage (says he) I took, was in a small Vessel called the *Sparrow's Nest*, bound directly to *Jamaica*, where we lay in Harbour about six Weeks, before we got her freighted. From thence we were consigned back to a Merchant in *London*, and the Day before we sail'd we took on board an old Woman as a Passenger, who, for many Years, had kept a Bawdy-House in *Port-Royal*, till she had successfully acquired, by the Industry of the Tail, the Value of 2000*l*. which she had changed into *Spanish Gold*, and had brought it on board with her in a small Scrutore, being very desirous of spending her latter Days in *England*, that when she died she might lay her Bones to rest in her own native Country. We weighed Anchor with the Wind at west and by south, getting clear of the Land without any Difficulty; and scudded merrily

merrily on till we made *Cuba*, the Isle of *Pines*, then *Cape Florida*, and so enter'd the Gulph: But before we got thro', as ill Fortune would have it, a Plank happen'd to start, and we sprung a Leak so fast, that notwithstanding our Pumps we had four Feet Water in the Hold in less than an Hour's Time; so that we had no Hopes left of saving ourselves but by betaking ourselves to our Boat, which accordingly we did, taking in the Compass, and such Biscuit and fresh Water as we could venture to carry along with us. The old Woman beg'd hard that we would take in her Box of Money, which, on second Thoughts, we yielded to, not knowing how useful it might prove to us, if we should chance to be driven on Shore amongst the *Florida Indians*. We were in all but eight Hands, besides the old Woman, who was as penitent for all her past Crimes, as an old Thief going to the Gallows. Thus expos'd to the Rage of the merciless Ocean, we depended wholly upon Providence to protect us: Rowing by Turns, and keeping on our right Course by the Direction of our Compass, having nothing but the Dread of Destruction before our Eyes, unless by some

some unexpected Miracle prevented. The Remainder of the Day we spent in Labour at our Oars, till at last Night drew on, having neither Ship nor Shore in Sight, from whence to expect Safety; but Fortune favouring us with little Wind, and a calm Sea, we thought it necessary to take so fair an Opportunity to refresh our Bodies with a little Rest, that we might be the better able to strive against the Hardships of Tempestuous Weather, if it should happen. Accordingly we drew Cuts who should sit at the Helm, and look out for a Sail, or awake the Rest, if any Danger should arise, and who should the Lot fall upon but myself; agreeably I took my Post, while the rest endeavoured to compose themselves to Sleep, who being much tired with the Day's Fatigue, fell all to Snoring in a very little Time. They had not long got the Start of me, but I grew so very Drowsy, that I could not forbear Nodding, and at last dropp'd into as sound a Sleep as any of them, that Death had now an Advantage to have catch'd us Napping.

How many Hours we continued in this Silence, I cannot tell; at last one awakes, and finds it so very Dark, that

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he could neither see Moon, Star, Sky, or Boat, nor could he perceive the Boat had any rolling Motion as was usual; with that he alarms the rest, who began to rub their Eyes, and endeavoured to look about 'em, but could not so much as see their Hands. Bless me! said I, 'tis a dark long Night, I believe we shall never see Day again. Another takes his Oar and claps Over-board, W—s, said he, we are cast ashore in some Creek, where the Tide has left us, for the Devil a drop of Water is here about the Boat. For G—d's sake, says the old Woman, set me on Shore, and give me my Box, I care not where I am, if it be but upon dry Land. Prithee, said I, strike a Light, that we may see who and who's together, which was accordingly done; upon which we found ourselves pent up in a little Place, but where we could not think nor imagine. The old Woman seeing no Water about her, was over hasty to get upon dry Land (as she thought) and scrambled over the Gunnel of the Boat; at which Interim, one of the Sailors, being a little more circumspect than ordinary, happened to espy the Entrails of some Creature or other hang over his Head, Z—ds, says he, we are got into a Butch-

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er's Shambles I think, for here's a delicate Pluck hangs: We have had no fresh Provision a great while, by my Lord and my Lady I'll have a good slice of the Liver. He then draws out his Knife and cuts off about two Pound, upon which we were shot out as swift as an Arrow from a Bow, thro' a narrow Passage, and found ourselves again upon the Sea, and no Land near us, it being of a sudden broad daylight, and the Sun almost upon the Meridian, as we found after by our Observation. We were all strangely startled and surpris'd, wondering from whence we came, or what place that could be from whence we were ejected with such a rapid force. A last, looking round us, we espied a Monstrous Whale, which occasioned us to mistrust he had gorg'd us in our Sleep, and was provoked, by the wound in his Liver, to throw us up again. But, as Fortune would have it, we brought the Money along with us, and left the old Bawd behind for the Whale to Spew up at another Opportunity.

*The Lovers Fortunate Adventure: Or,
The Young Ones too Cunning for the
Old Ones.*

A Young Gentleman of *Hackney*, known by the Name of Squire *Suck-Bottle*, made it his Endeavour to procure a Match with Sir *Thomas Closepurse's* Daughter; in a little time he made a considerable Progress in his Design, and had gained both the Affections and Consent of the Young Lady before he had proposed any Treaty with her Father, who hearing of the Intrigue between *Suck-Bottle* and his Daughter, was so highly enraged at his Clandestine Proceedings, that he forewarned him his House; and, as a more secure prevention of the Match, confined his Daughter close Prisoner in her own Apartment. The young Squire being deeply concerned at the severe Usage of his Beloved Mistress, assumed the Courage of a *Roman* Lover, and went by Midnight, when all things were hush and silent, to *Closepurse's* Habitation, where, by the Assistance of a Friend, he raised a Ladder, and mounted himself upon the Leads of the House

House, and knowing her Lodgings, drop'd a Letter down the Chimney, to give her Notice he would make her a Visit the next Night the same way himself; which Letter in the Morning the Lady found with unexpressible Satisfaction.

According to the Time prefix'd the Squire, with the assistance of two trusty Friends, went in order to accomplish his Intrigue. The Engine he had prepared to shoot the Chimney, being a Rope and a Hand-Basket, by which means he was conveyed safely thro' the Sooty Gulph, at the bottom of which the panting Lady was ready to receive him in her joyful Arms.

The *Signal* to be given when his *Friends* should pull him up was, a Jog of the Rope. Such Familiarity had already past between them, that they lost no time in Courtship, but prepar'd themselves for those Joys to which they hasted with equal eagerness. They had no sooner leap'd into their Downy Elisium, but the Braces of the Ticken began to Celebrate the Pleasures of the Night with their accustomary Musick, which was unhappily overheard by her Lady Mother in the next Room, who awaking

her Husband, told him she was sure some Body was got to Bed to her Daughter. Upon which Sir *Thomas* leaps up in wonderful haste, takes the Key of his Daughter's Chamber out of his Pocket, which he would not intrust with any but himself, and gropes his way to the door. The Lovers having done with their first course, and being lain down to take a little Breath, happened to hear the Old Gentleman fumbling at the key-hole ; upon which the Daughter (thro' a great presence of mind) skips nimbly out of Bed, sets a Chair between the Bed and the Chimney, kneels down, and with abundance of seeming fervency fell to Prayers, and just as her Father opened the door softly, she was in this part of her Devotion; I beseech thee make me a Comfort to my Father's Grey-Hairs, increase his Riches, advance him to high Honour, and may he live to the Age of *Methusalem*. The Old Dad was so highly pleased with his Daughter's Piety and kind Supplications for her Aged Father, took no notice, and would by no means disturb her, but gently shut the door, and returned to his Bedfellow, giving her a sharp Reproof for her Evil Opinion of their Dutiful and Godly Child.

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Having by this Stratagem prevented a discovery, the Lovers renewed their Joys, and the old Lady her Jealousy, who arose, took the Key, and would go herself to be satisfied, who entered the Chamber with such silence that the busy Lovers heard her not till she stumbled at the Chair, and by lucky accident fell into the Basket, which jog'd the Rope, and gave the Signal. The *Anglers* above, thinking they had caught the right Fish, pull'd up, the old Lady roar'd, but still they hauled, till at last finding their mistake, they took her out of the Basket in a Fit, and laid in a second time, and drew up him they fish'd for, making all a clever escape free of any detection, leaving the Matron of the Family upon the Leads, who recovering from her Fright, shook off her Trance, and making a lamentable Catterwauling, raised the Family to her Assistance, who were wonderfully amazed to find their Lady in the Condition of a *Chimney-Sweeper*; and she being unable to give any account how she was conveyed thither, it was conjectured by her Husband, as a just Judgment to punish her for her evil Conceptions of their Innocent and Righteous Daughter.

*The Pleasing Revenge: Or, the Brewer's Son
over-match'd by the Weaver's Daughter.*

THERE was a Rich *Weaver* in *Spittle-Fields* (which is News in the first place, because they are generally very Poor) who had but one only Child, and that a Daughter. The Old Gentleman being a fat Man, was full of *Dropsical* and ill Humours, and withal very *Letbar-gick*. His Daughter being a Prudent Young Woman, behaved herself with that Duty and Tenderneſs to her Sick Father, that he could not endure to think of her Marrying whilst he Lived, having Buried his Wife, and could have no Body, as he thought, that would Nurse and Attend him with that Diligence as his kind and obedient Daughter: Who, indeed (tho' a good humour'd Creature) was bleſt with but few External Charms to render her inviting. An arch unlucky Blade, who was Son to a Neighbouring Brewer, uſing to take delight in Jeſting with the Female Sex, pretended to Court her, and made her believe he deſigned to make her his Wife, carrying on the matter to ſo great

great a height, that the Morning was appointed on which they were to be Married at St. *Pancras* Church, he promising to meet her at a certain hour in the Church-Yard, and to bring the Ring and Licence along with him; the whole proceeding being without the knowledge of her Father.

When he had thus carried on his Jest almost to the last Period, he tells what he had done to an Acquaintance, who was a Man of Comely Stature, who of mean Fortune; and knowing she was the only Daughter of a Rich and Infirm Parent, presently be-thought himself of a probable Method of converting this Project to his own Interest, but acquainted the other with nothing of his Design, for fear of a Disappointment. His Friend having told him the Morning and the Hour, and that he intended not so much as to meet her, but let her wait in the Fields by herself, under the Dissatisfaction of so great a disappointment: The other considering that when thoughts of Wedlock are once raised in a Woman, the Revengeful Passion such base Usage must in all probability kindle, would so rob her of

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Reason, that she could not weigh things with such discretion as to withstand his Importunities, so that he ventured hazard to take out a Licence, and buy a Ring; and walks about half an hour before the Time to *Pancras*, goes into a House, and takes up a convenient Room where he might observe the Walks and Motions of his proposed Helpmate.

According to the Time the Maiden came, fired with the Thoughts of that happy State into which she was about to enter. But found no Lover, as she expected, to receive her: She waited some little Time with Patience, thinking thro' the Error of the Clock she might be a little before the Hour. But by that Time she had waited about half an hour, which seemed as tedious as an Age, she began to shew in her Face some Signs of great disorder, then her unknown Lover thought it high Time to give his Courtship a Beginning. Accordingly he goes down to her, and courteously gives her a Morning Salutation; and tells her, he came on purpose, thro' the Respect he had for her, to inform her how Unmanly and Base an Affront was put upon her; which so greatly enraged her, that her Eyes rained Showers on her snowy Breasts: Vexation

Vexation having turned her pleasing Hopes into Sighs and Sadness. He then began to express his own Affections for her, and broach by little and little his Design, giving her all the verbal Testimonies of his Love imaginable, using all necessary Protestations, to assure her he would prove one of the best of Husbands, and conform to all Things wherein she should place her Ease and Satisfaction; till at last the Maid, prudently considering the Disgrace of being thus served, and what a Blot it would be upon her Reputation, when published among the Neighbourhood, consents to his Request, and they were married: She obliging him to keep it silent for a Time, till she should take a seasonable Opportunity to pacify her Father. Then, after a little Time spent over a small Repast, they parted. The first News the Married Virgin heard when she came home was, that her Uncle was dead in the Country, who had no Children of his own, and had left her 400*l.* which the Brewer's Son hearing, came within two or three Days to beg her Pardon, and endeavoured to excuse the Rudeness he had committed; she seemingly forgave him, and appointed him

a second Time to meet her at the same Place, which on his Side was then designed in good Earnest. But to return his Kindness, she hires one of her Father's Journeymen, who was a stout Fellow, to go and thresh him round the Church-Yard, as 'tis said the Devil does his Wife in Rainy Weather when the Sun shines, which the Fellow did accordingly. The Victim came running in a great Passion to his Mistress, and demanded the Reason why she had so served him; who told him, as he went to be married, she hoped he had met with his Match, and so dispatch'd him. The old Man, hearing the whole Story in a little Time after, was so pleas'd with the witty Revenge of his Daughter, that he reconciled himself to her marriage, and received her Husband into the House, where they all now live very comfortably together.

*The Funeral of the Pig: Or, the Citizen's
Son Sucking of the Sow.*

A Citizen of London, whom Providence had Blessed with a fair Estate, and his Teeming Wife with a Young Son, the Hopes and Heir of the Family, Gravely considering how far the

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the Sooty Air of the City might Influence the tender Infant with more than Natural Dulness, resolved to dispose of him in the Country, under a more pure and serene Heaven. Several Visits had he made to the Neighbouring Villages, and almost rode the Compass round before he could fix; either the Situation of the Place, or the freckled Complexion of the Nurse displeasing his Fancy; at last, about 10 Miles from our Famous Metropolis, he arrived at a Farmer's House; the Place extremely liked him, nor was the good Woman wanting in the least of those excellent Qualifications he had so long and so industriously sought after. They presently agreed upon reasonable Terms, and the Father, at his Return to *London*, upon his Wife's Approbation, sent for the Nurse to fetch the Child.

It happened one Day that the Nurse, going abroad upon some more than ordinary Occasion, left the little one to the Care of a Young Apprentice Girl, who not being much acquainted with the trouble of Children, and having more mind to go to Play than tend the Peevish Brat, which was Froward for want of a Teat, she knowing no other

ways to quiet it, carried it into the Hogsty, and there laid it to suck of the Sow with the Pigs, where she left it very well pleased, and gadded abroad herself, to find out her Companions. In the Interim the Father chanced to come from *London* to see how his little Son throve at Nurse, and after he had put his Horse into the Stable, went into the House, which he found empty, and not one of the Family to be seen; but coming back into the Yard, heard the Cry of a Child, for the quarrelsome Pigs, his Foster Brothers, had got away his Teat; the Father following the Noise, which led him to the Hogsty, found his pretty Bantling sucking of the Sow. Strangely amazed at this sight he took up the Child without any hurt, and wrapping him in his Coat, carried him back to *London*, undiscovered by any of the Neighbours. The Wench, thinking her Dame was now upon Return, made haste home, and went directly to the Sow to take up the Child, but to her great Surprise could neither find nor discover what was become of him. Not long after, came Nurse home, who asking the Girl for the Child, she told her, when she was gone, it cry'd so for the

the Teat, she could not quiet it till she went to the Sty, and laid it to the Sow, where she left it, and went about other Business of the House, and going for it some Time after she could not find it, nor imagine which way it was gone. The Nurse, in a sad Fright at this odd Account, ran to search the Hogsty, but could neither find the Child nor one Rag of the Cloaths; she looked over all the House and Yard, but all in vain; then she went and sily enquired of her Neighbours, but to no purpose; after all her Endeavours she could not receive the least Satisfaction. The poor Woman, half out of her Wits at this strange Misfortune, concluded, the Sow had certainly eat up the Child.

In this great Perplexity and Distress, considering what was best to be done to save her own Reputation, and conceal the unhappy Fate of her Nursery from the Parents Knowledge, she at last resolved to kill one of the Pigs, and dress it up like a dead Child with Flowers and Sweet Herbs, ready for the Grave, and send for 2 or 3 of her old Gossips, and tell 'em her Nurse Child dy'd suddenly in the Night, and so to bury it privately; accordingly she pursued her Project the next Day, and towards Evening the Pig was decently

decently Interr'd in the Church-Yard, without any Suspicion.

Thus far Nurse had succeeded in her Design, but conscious of her own Carelessness and Neglect, which was the Occasion of this Misfortune, she was very much troubled how to discover it to the Father and Mother, both passionately Loving the little Infant, and would be very much Afflicted with the Death of it. Several Times she had intended to acquaint them with the Loss of their Child, but still put it off from Day to Day; her own Guilt, and the tender Indulgence of the Parents, deterring her from it.

About a Fortnight after, the Father sent a letter to Nurse to come up to *London*, and bring the little Boy with her; glad would she have been to have excused herself from this Journey, but seeing it impossible longer to conceal it, she went accordingly. The Father meeting her at the Door, said, Nurse, I am glad to see you; but what makes you look so Melancholly? why did you not bring the Boy along with you? I sent for you on purpose to bring him, that I might see how the little Rogue did? Nurse, with a deep Sigh, and watery Eyes, acquaints him

him with the sudden Death of the little Infant, dear to her as her own Heart's-Blood: The Father seemed above measure concerned at this doleful News; then inviting her into the House, she gave a second Relation of this Tragical Story to the Mother, who excellently counterfeited a Passion suitable to so great a Misfortune.

When they had all acted over their Sorrowful Parts under different Disguises, the Father called for *Susan* to come down and fetch a Tankard of Ale for Nurse, and in she came with a young Child in her Arms, which Nurse carefully observing, she knew to be the same she had but now reported to be Dead and Buried. The present Shame she was under for so notorious a Lye, with the Transports of a sudden Joy to see the Child safe and well, wholly Confounded her; nor had she one Thought left to fashion the least Excuse. But after she had a little recover'd herself, she freely confessed, that imagining the Child really Eaten up by the Sow, she had killed and buried one of the Pigs in the Room of it, well knowing that so unhappy a Circumstance would for ever have blasted her own Credit, and doubled the Sorrow
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and Affliction of the Disconsolate Parents. But that which was most remarkable, it was observed of the Boy, when grown up, he would never eat of Gammon of Bacon, nor any Hogs-Flesh; which the *Naturalists* gave this Reason for, that the Sows Milk had curdled upon his Stomach, which occasion'd his Antipathy, tho' he ever retained a Smack of his Nurse and Pigsty Relations in his *Boorish* Manners and Conversation.

*The Thieves too Cunning for the Bailiffs :
Or, one Gang of Rogues Out-witted by
another.*

AN unhappy Gentleman (who by a thoughtless *Management* and dilatory *Execution* of his own Affairs) having reduced a plentiful Estate to a slender Subsistence, and being highly in Danger of a Judgment, Gird'd into the Talions of an unmerciful Miser, thought the safest Measures he could take, in securing himself from the Ravenous *Catch-Poles* (those *Blood Hounds*, or *Jackalls*, who hunt down the Prey for that Tyrannick Beast a *Usurer*) was to quit the Town, and make a general Trial of his Relations in the Country,

Country, hoping their flowing Generosity might a little repel the Current of his ebbing Fortune, which must of Necessity prove otherwise impetuous. His Wife and a Servant he leaves in Town behind him, in a House of his own, very well furnished, being the only Remains of a considerable Patrimony. He had not absented himself from Home above two or three Days, but *Thirty in the Hundred* by some busy Neighbour was informed of it, who went and enter'd up his Judgment, takes out an Execution, and dispatches his Emissaries to the speedy Destruction of his *Debtor*: About this Time, some Thieves having Knowledge of the Gentleman's Absence, were contriving which way to rob the House; to accomplish which, lurking about one Evening, to make their Entrance, and the careless Maid leaving open the Back-Door, whilst she step'd to the *Bake-House*, one of the Rogues slip'd in, having agreed with his Confederates to conceal himself in the House till Midnight, and then to let them in, to perfect their Design with the less Fear of Danger or Interruption. The Cunningest of the Thieyes having proceeded so far as to
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get safe footing within Doors, step'd up Stairs undiscovered, and hides himself in an Old Chest, which stood by the Bed-side in a well furnished Chamber which no Body lay in: By this time the other R——s, the Bailiffs I mean, were got to the Fore Door, consulting by what means they should procure admittance to serve their *Execution* (whilst the poor Gentlewoman and her Maid were totally ignorant of either Danger) at last they agreed one should knock, and as soon as the Door was opened rush in by Violence, and secure the Door for the rest to follow, which accordingly was done and their Office executed, to the great Affliction and Surprise of both the Mistress and her Servant. The Rogue (who for distinction sake we must call Thief) above Stairs, who lay as silent in his Chest, as a sturdy *Greek* in the Belly of the *Trojan Horse*, began to be a little startled at the sorrowful Cries and Disturbances he heard below Stairs, thinking himself now not quite so safe as a Thief in a Mill; and opening his Iron-bound Hut (which was indeed made with a design to keep out Rogues, and not conceal any) he gave his Ears such an advantage of their Voices, that he
made

made shift to discover by their Talk, the whole Business, resolving still to execute his Roguery as successfully as the *Liberty stealers* had done theirs. So down again he lay to meditate upon his good Work, and consider of the best means to effect it with the least danger. The *Cannibals* below Stairs, according to their usual Civility, turned the Gentlewoman and Maid out of Doors, who were forced to be beholden to a Neighbour for a Lodging, whilst these Tail-pieces of the Law, who bring up the Rear of Destruction, were devouring the Provisions of the Distressed, who had nothing but Providence to trust to for their next Meal; some of these *Aegyptian Caterpillars* at Night went home, leaving two well Armed to keep Possession, who about 10 o'Clock went to Bed, making choice of that Room for a Lodging where the Honestest Man of the three lay Buried in Antiquity; waiting with Patience for the Hour of his Resurrection. About 11 o'Clock he ventures to open the Chest, as far as an Oyster does his shell, to receive new Breath, and heard by their Snoaring, they were in a fine condition for the Devil to fetch them; out he rises from his dark and uneasy Confines,

Confines, cramp'd and crippled like a *London Prentice* just delivered from his *Guild-Hall Penrance*, but stunk as bad as a dying Snuff in the Socket of a dark Lanthorn, for fear the prying *Iscariot* should have peeped into his Wooden Territories, knowing nothing was more likely, than for one Rogue to catch another: But being now pretty well past that danger, he creeps to the Bed-side, and secures their Arms, which were Swords and Braces of Pistols, then goes down Stairs, lets in his Confederates, which were five more (delivering to them the Particulars of what had past) whose first Business was to Tongue-tie the double-Tongued *Vipers*, who might otherwise prove as dangerous as a *Snake* in the Grass; which when they had done by the assistance of their Gags, and had bound those unmerciful hands which had drawn many a poor Wretch to Prison by the Collar, they ransack'd the House, but had so much Mercy, considering the present Circumstances of the Gentleman, and the unhappiness of his Family, that they were contented with a small Booty, consisting only of a little Plate and Linen, which they sent off by one Man; the other five,

to revenge the hard Usage of the Gentlewoman and her Maid, took the two Disturbers of Human Quiet, and placed them upon each other in the Chest; and having extorted from them before a Confession of who had employed them, the Thieves, like so many Bearers carrying an *Alms-House* Corps, without the Ornament of either Parson, Clerk, Pall, or Relations, convey'd them to the Plaintiff's Back-door, which by the help of their Pick-Lock Instruments they opened; and as careless as our Parochial Supporters of the Dead, gave them a Toss from their wearied Shoulders into the Plaintiff's Garden, instead of a more Methodical Burying-place, where they left them as contentedly as our *Corps-Tumblers* do their Brethren of Mortality, when they fly from the Church-Yard to receive the reward of their Labour. The Gentleman having made a successful Journey, happened to return the next Morning, and finding all Things in such a Distraction, conceived by his Wife's Relation of the matter he was greatly abused; to regulate which he makes an immediate Visit to his Money-Loving Creditor (with a Sum in his Pocket to satisfy the Judgment)

ment) who gave him a morose *How d'ye* for a Welcome, and afterwards took him into the Garden to Discourse their Business, where they found the Chest, to the great Surprise of both; upon which the Gentleman taxed him with a Confederacy in the Robbery, which the Maggots in the Nutshell hearing, made such a bustle, that occasioned a great Surprise in both Plaintiff and Defendant, who opened the Coffer, and found two Naked Mutes (who, indeed, never did deserve the use of either Tongues or Rayment) but being released from their long Sufferings, and finding where they were, made them concur with the Gentleman's Opinion; and to excuse themselves were ready to swear their Benefactor was actually in the Robbery; which the Gentleman taking the advantage of, frightened his Creditor, with Threats of Warrant, Constable, Justice, Jury, and a Halter, till at last he made him (tho' with Privacy) Compound the Felony, by a General Release, and Satisfaction for his Goods. So that by this fortunate Accident, and the assistance of his kind Relations, he was restored to his former Prosperity, and ever since

since makes this the Motto of his Arms.

*Knaves by a Rebound are often bit :
To bite the Biter is not Fraud but Wit.*

*Intrigue upon Intrigue: Or, the Widow
become Mother to her Gallant, and the
Younger Brother Father to the Elder.*

A Brisk Airy Gentleman belonging to one of the *Inns-of-Court*, happened to make his Courtship to a Rich Elderly Widow, who had a pretty Young Girl to her Daughter, that thought herself as capable of Matrimony as her Mother; when the Gentleman had repeated his Visits often enough to grow a little Familiar, he found all the agreeable Encouragements he could reasonably expect from a Person, whose Fortune was much Superiour to his own: But the Daughter looking upon the Mother's Humble Servant with more than ordinary Respect, thought it abundance of pity so Youthful and so Handsome a Gentleman, for the sake of a little Money, should Bury his Juvenile Years in the Grave of an Old Woman, when herself would be very glad to Cherish him
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in the Embraces of a young One. The Gentleman had not long continued his Courtship, but he found sufficient Reasons to suspect that he had not only worked himself into the Widow's Love, but also into the Affections of the Daughter; and began to consider, that tho' the old Widow was much the better Fortune, yet the Daughter would prove the more agreeable Match, and that what she wanted in Fortune, would be supplied more to his satisfaction by her Youth and Beauty; besides, knowing her to be the only Child, thought she might come in at last for the Effects of the Mother, in case that he could but be subtle enough to divert her from Matrimony: Upon these Considerations he resolved to alter his first Resolutions, and only for the future to make External Courtship to the Mother, in order to procure more Favourable Opportunities of bringing his real Design upon the Daughter to its intended Issue.

The better to carry on his Intrigue without the Mother's Suspicion, he thought it necessary to acquaint his younger Brother with the Business, that now and then, when occasion requir'd, he

he might prove an Assistant in the Matter.

After this manner he proceeded with the Old Gentlewoman, till he had stolen reasonable Opportunities enough to convince the Daughter of his Affections for her, and to assure her, that he only pretended Courtship to her Mother, on purpose to know and then enjoy a lucky Moment of making known the extraordinary Passion he truly had for herself. The younger Brother, who was a notable sharp-witted Gentleman, and a very Personable Man, reflecting one Morning in his Bed, upon the foul Practice of his Brother, to gain his Ends by disappointing and deceiving the old Gentlewoman, began to think it could be no Crime in himself to take the advantage of his Brother's Falacy, and at once make his own Fortune, and do Justice to the widow, without hindering his Brother from effecting his design upon the Daughter.

Accordingly he resolved to act a cunning Part, and to neglect no Opportunity of Ingratiating himself with the Mother, that when she became sensible of his Brother's Deceit he might be ready to supply the Disappointment by

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the offer of his own Service; which he was in hopes, if rightly managed, would be well accepted. The Widow having great Confidence in the Integrity of her sham Pretender, was mightily Respectful to the Young Gentleman upon his Brother's Account, so that in a little time he was as familiar in the Family as the Daughter's Admirer, who all along made the Younger Brother acquainted with every Tittle of his Proceedings.

When the Elder Brother had worked the Young Lady up to a Compliance, a License was taken out, and the Morning was appointed for the Priest to say Grace to that Love Banquet, which both longed for with equal Appetite. The Younger Brother was made Privy to the Happy Hour, and engaged to attend the Solemnity in the Office of a Father, which he performed accordingly when the time came, and smiled in his own sleeve to see the matter consummated; which was no sooner over, but he made an excuse to dispatch a little Business, promising to be with them again at Dinner.

No sooner had he got his Liberty, but away he posted in all haste to acquaint the Old Gentlewoman, what a dishonourable

able Trick his Brother had put upon her, and how Undutiful her Daughter had been in complying to be a Partner in so Base and Treacherous an Intrigue. The Widow, who had never so much as suspected the Integrity of her Gallant, was so amazed and confused at the strange Tidings, that for a little Time she was as stark Mad as a raving Bedlamite, till her Passion was pretty well spent; and then the Young Gentleman, to spur on her Revenge, told her, that his Brother's further Design was to divert her, if possible, from Matrimony, in hopes that her own Fortune, upon her Death, might descend to her Daughter, so that he should become at last Master of all her Riches, as well as the Fortune already settled upon her Daughter, and that this was the main Consideration that induced him to marry her Daughter, after so many Pretensions to herself. This subtle Insinuation so inflamed her Malice, that she vowed, rather than they should be one Shilling the better for what she had, she would marry a Cobler, or any Rakehell, that she was sure would spend it every Groat. To which, reply'd the Young Gentleman, "Madam, a Person of your Worth, Comeliness, and Discretion, can never have Occasion to dispose of your-

self to either a mean Man, or a spendthrift; could you conceive me to be a Person worthy of so great a Happiness as so good a Wife, I should think it a Blessing to myself and Family, that you would give it into my Power, to repair that Injury and Dishonour which my Brother has done you; and I assure you further, Madam, that if you make me your Husband, it will prove a Revenge upon him, a Blessing to me, and I promise you, I will do all that in an honest Gentleman lies to make it a Happiness to yourself." Well, says the old Gentlewoman, lest Time and Delay should make you prove as great a Knave as your Brother, I will seek out for no other Husband, nor need any farther Courtship; but in the Revengeful Mood I am now in, I will run this Minute Headlong to be marry'd. The Young Gentleman expressed his utmost Joy for her sudden Resolution, so immediately order'd a Coach to be call'd, and away they went first to take out a License, and then to be Marry'd, the very same Morning, and at the same Church, and by the same Minister who had join'd the former Couple. As soon as the Ceremony was over, the Young Bridegroom, by the consent of his Bride, order'd the Coachman to drive to the same

same Tavern where the Treacherous Pair had provided their Wedding Dinner, and in they pop'd upon them just as the first Dish was brought to the Table; the Daughter was ready to faint thro' Fear, her Bridegroom bit his Nails thro' Madness; the Mother upbraided the Quondam Lover with Baseness, her Daughter with Undutifulness; the Elder Brother tax'd the Younger with Treachery, whilst the greatest Winner smiled in his Sleeve, to think that at one lucky Hit he had made his Fortune. When their Passions, as well as their Victuals, were grown pretty cool, the Youngest Bridegroom, who was a Man of Eloquence, made a pleasant Speech, that unriddled the whole Mystery, and went so far in the Reconciliation of all Differences, that they sat down to their Victuals, and made one Dinner serve for both Weddings; the Elder Brother at last submitting to call the Younger Father, and the Mother acknowledging the Elder to be her Son: So that by the help of Mirth and Wine they became all Friends, and each lived comfortably for the future with their own proper Mates, and in Process of Time hammer'd out such a Promiscuous Progeny, that it would

puzzle the Heralds Office to properly distinguish what Relation they were of one to another.

The Dying Wife's Revenge : Or the Husband paid in his own Coin.

A Farmer's Wife, falling dangerously ill, was very importunate with her Husband that he would grant her the Liberty of making a Will to dispose of her Wearing-Apparel. The good Man, that his Wife might go out of the world with a safe Conscience, seemed very willing to comply with her Request; and that she might be sure every thing should be bequeathed according to her Desire, he offer'd to pen the Will himself according to her own Directions: She thanked him heartily for this last Kindness, acknowledging how good a Man he had always been to her, and hop'd he would ever prosper when she was under ground, for his loving and tender Usage, both to her and her Children, and so beg'd him to fetch Pen, Ink and Paper, and she would give him Instructions; away went the good Man, at his Wife's Request, to muster up the Materials; but before he return'd had the wit to consider

der it was a hard Case that her Cloaths, which were very Neat and Good, should be given to a parcel of Gossips, away from her own Children, and withal form'd a Project, as he thought, so to deceive his Wife, that she might die in Peace, and yet save her Apparel from the thankless Hands of a parcel of Tippling Tittle-Tattles: When he had thus prepared himself, he returns with the Scribbling Implements to his Wife's Bed-side, desiring her freely to impart her Mind, promising that all things should be perform'd accordingly; upon which she began her Instructions after the following manner, (viz.) In the first place, I give unto my Beloved Friend and Neighbour, Goody Blowzen, my High-Crown'd Hat, and best Red Petticoat, for she has been always ready to go and come upon all Occasions both to me and mine. The Good Man, instead of mentioning the Benefit, writes Tittle Tattle for that, and then desir'd his Wife to proceed. In the next place, says she, I give and bequeath to my Gammer Dowdy, my Wedding Gown and Smock, for she is a Merry Dame, and has made us all Laugh at many a Junket. The good Man writes again Tittle-Tattle for that, and then desir'd

the next Item. *Lastly*, says she, I give and bequeath my great Clasp'd Bible and my Whole Duty of Man, to my Dame Cantwell, for she is a Religious Woman, of whom I have learnt more good over a Jug of strong Beer, than ever I did of the Parson for all the Tythes we have given him; and that is all, Husband, I desire to dispose of from you. Very well, replies the good Man, and again, instead of the last Item, sets down, Tittle-Tattle for that. Well, Wife, says he, now all things are ordered according to your mind, I hope you will die satisfied. Yes, yes, says she, I thank you my Dear and Loving Husband, I bless G——d I can give up the Ghost with a peaceful Conscience. Pray stick the Will up in the Window, and then you may go and fodder the Cattle. The good Man, according to his Wife's Direction, left the Paper in the Window, and after he had given her a comfortable Word or two, away he went about his Business. No sooner was his back turn'd, but in came one of her *Gossiping Legates*, to pay her a Visit, who, entering the Chamber, thus accosted the Sick Woman, *viz.* How d'ye now, Neighbour? I hope by the Grace of G——d you find your self on the mending hand. No truly, Dame, answers the dying Gammer,

mer, I am not a Woman for this World; I find by the Weakness of my Lungs, and the Faintness of my Speech, I have but a short Time to tarry among you, but however, as you have been my good Friend and Neighbour, I have left you something to remember me when I am gone: My Husband, whom you know has been always a kind and a loving Man to me, has given me leave to dispose of my Wearing Cloaths among you, and has writ my Will with his own Hand; and yonder it sticks in the Window. Neighbour, you can read written Hand; if you please to look into it you may see what Legacy I have left you.

With that Gammer Dowdy opens the Unlucky Testament, and discovers the Waggers. - Alas! Neighbour, says she, your Husband has only Jested with you; he has writ down nothing but Tittle Tattle for that, Tittle-Tattle for that, and Tittle-Tattle for that. Has he served me so, cries the Sick Dame, now I am going out of the World? Pray, Neighbour, stick it up where you found it; I hope for all this to live long enough to be even with him. Pray, Neighbour, leave me a little to my self, for I expect my Husband in every Minute, and I have something to say to him that is not proper for any body to hear.

So the Gossip shed a Tear or two at parting, and according to the other's Request took her Leave for the present. By and by in comes the good Man, and hobbling up to the sick wife's Chamber asked her how she did; who answer'd as if she was just expiring, "Oh very bad, not a woman for this world, and therefore she had two or three dying Requests to him, which she hoped he would particularly observe when she was gone to her last home." Yes, that he would to be sure (he most faithfully promised) desiring her to speak her mind freely, that he might know what they were. "In the first place (says she) I would have you to take particular care of my Son *Robin*, and breed him up to reading and writing, that when he is a Scholar good enough, he may be bound Apprentice to a Mercer; and as for my Son *Ralph*, I would have you breed him up to your own business of Husbandry; as for my Daughter *Joan*, I would have you keep her at home to milk the Kine, and look after the Dairy; but as to the red-headed Girl (whom she knew to be her Husband's Favourite) I say, as to her, you need not take much care, because——" Because what (says *Roger*, in a mighty Passion) why not take care of her? "Because (replies

(replies the dying Dame) she is none of your's." Adsheartliwounds (cries Roger) none of mine, you wicked Baggage you, whose is she then? "Tittle-tattle for that (cries the good wife) Tittle-tattle for that Knave, Tittle tattle for that Cuc-kold;" and so she died.

*Thus we may see at the last Gasp of Life,
How sweet Revinge is to an angry Wife;
If once they're injur'd, slighted, flam'd or sham'd,
When dying they'll requite us, tho' they're damn'd:
Therefore forbear to vex them, for we find,
Like Bees they wound, and leave their Sting behind.*

*The Physician's Recipe to cure a Welchman
of a Fever; or to kill an Englishman
with the same Medicine.*

A Gentleman of *Wales*, coming fresh off the Mountains to visit *London*, happened, upon Change of Air, to fall dangerously ill of a Hectick Fever. An *English* Physician being immediately sent for, he found his Condition to be very dangerous, and presently ordered him such proper Medicines as are usually administer'd in such Cases, but all to no purpose, for the Distemper proved

so very Rebellious, that notwithstanding the Doctor proceeded according to the best of his Judgment, yet all the Physick he prescribed him proved wholly ineffectual; till at last, the Patient was reduced to so low a Condition, that he Doctor, tho' a Skilful Man, quite despaired of his Recovery, so told the Nurse privately, that he had done the utmost according to the Rules of Art, and that all his Visits and Prescriptions for the future would be of little use to the Patient, so that he would now give him up to the Goodness of God, and the Care of herself, for he could not conceive it was in the power of Physick to save his Life, therefore advis'd her to deal gently by him, and deny him nothing he could Eat or Drink, that those few Moments he had to spend in this World might pass away under the less uneasiness; so took leave of the Nurse, and away he went. No sooner had the Doctor given the Nurse this Liberty, but as soon as his back was turn'd she began to fondle her Dying Patient, and begged him to think of something or other that he believed he could Eat or Drink, and let it be what it would she would get it him presently; at last, he lifts up his Languishing Eyes, and staring

ing her full in the Face, cry'd out as loud as he was able to speak, *Toasted-Cheese* ! With that she ran in all haste to the next *Chandler's*, and tho' she thought it strange Food for a Dying Man in a Fever, yet she resolved he should have it ; and accordingly she bought a Pound of good old *Cheshire*, and cook'd it so agreeably to her *Welch* Patient's Tooth, that he eat it up every bit, to the Nurse's great Astonishment. She then asked him, what he thought he could Drink ? He told her then, with a much stronger Voice than before, A Gallon of *Leek-Pottage* ! The Nurse finding the *Toasted-Cheese* agree so well with her Patient, ran immediately to the *Herb-Stall* for a Bunch of *Leeks*, and brew'd him up a Gallon of *Welch Caudle* presently ; which, as soon as it was cool enough for his Palate, he drank off, and then turning his Face from the Light, compos'd himself to Rest, and slept heartily till the next Morning, and when he awak'd was so extreamly mended, that the Nurse had great hopes of his Recovery. In the Afternoon the Doctor, happening to come that way in his Coach, gave a look up at the Chamber, expecting the
Dead

Dead Signal, that is, the Windows to be open, but finding them shut, stop'd his Coach and step'd up Stairs to see how matters went; and coming into the Chamber, found the Patient he had given over but the Day before, to his great Admiration, getting out of his Bed. The Doctor was perfectly amazed at this unexpected sight, and enquired of Nurse, what strange measure she had taken to thus recover him? Who very readily told him what an unaccountable Refreshment she had given him. Nurse, says the Doctor, very Gravely smelling to the Civet-Box of his Ebony-Cane, You have done very well: Pray let him have more *Toasted-Cheese*, and more *Leek-Pottage*, and I will call again to-morrow and see how it agrees with him. The Patient liked it so well, that as often as they repeated it, he was willing to take it, till in a little time the *Welchman* was thoroughly recovered; upon which the Nurse was well paid, and the Physician had the Reputation of a very wonderful Cure.

In a little time after this Miraculous Success, the Doctor happened to have an *English* Patient exactly in the same Condition; to whom by all the Rules of
Art,

Art, by which he governed his Practice, he could not administer one Medicine that would abate the Distemper: At last, calling to mind what a wonderful Cure the Nurse and he had so lately performed by *Toasted Cheese* and *Leek-Pottage*, not knowing but there might be some Occult Quality in the one or the other, more than Physicians were acquainted with, he resolved to make Trial of their Virtues a second time; and accordingly directed the Nurse to administer them to her Patient, whom the Doctor declared was absolutely past Recovery by any other Means. The Nurse thought it a strange Advice from a College Physician; but however, it being his Directions, she was resolved to observe them; and accordingly provided a plentiful Plateful of *Balsamick Cheshire*, *Toasted Secundum Artem*, which, with much ado, she perswaded her Patient to swallow, after much kecking, and to take a hearty Draught of *Leek-Pottage* after it, to help Digestion. No sooner had the feeble Patient forced down both his Doses, but he turned his Face to the Wall, and instead of going to Sleep, in less than a Quarter of an Hour he made his Exit: The

Doctor

Doctor coming the next Day to enquire after the Success of his new Medicament, looking up for the old Signal, found the Windows wide open, by which he presently understood, without farther Enquiry, what Condition his Patient was in; so altering his Course, he plucks out his Pocket-Book, and in it makes this Memorandum; *Toasted-Cheese and Leek Pottage*, a certain Cure for a *Welchman* in a Fever; but present Death for an *Englishman*. Probatum est.

The Willful Drunkard: Or, the Shoemaker made a Cuckold by the Devil.

A Jolly *Crispin* having a Confounded Scold to his Wife, happened to come Home one Night at a late Hour, very much troubled with a Drunken Vertigo in his Noddle: He had no sooner enter'd the Shop, but his Angry Helpmate, in a mighty Passion for his Offence, began to spirt out such provoking Messes of Maundering Broth, in the very Teeth of her Pot-valiant Spouse, that he swore, Since he could not be quiet at Home, he would return from whence he came, and spend the rest of the

the Night, where he could be more easy. She still persisted in her Termagant Spirit, and very aggravating Words were tossed backwards and forwards, till at last the Difference grew too great for any present Reconciliation. A *Chimney-Sweeper* coming by, who had pawned his Brooms for an Evening's Draught, over-hearing their coarse Compliments, stood a little under the Eaves to listen to the Fray. The *Shoe-maker* at last grew so highly enraged that he swore he would go out again; and wrenching open the Door in spite of his Wife's Resistance, out he went, and away he stagger'd, she bawling after him in these Words, *viz.* Go and be hang'd you Rogue, since you will go, may the Devil go with you! The *Chimney-Sweeper*, when he heard the Door open, skuttled away a little before the *Shoe-maker*, and step'd up into an Alley till *Crispin* was gone past him; then flinging his Sooty Sack which he had upon his Shoulder over his Head like a Hood, that he might make the more unusual Figure, he trudged after the *Shoe-maker*, till he got just upon the Heels of him. *Crispin* hearing some Body come rattling after, faced about, and

and by the Light of the Stars discover'd a strange black Monster just at the very Nose of him : Who are you, says the Shoe-maker.—The Devil, cries the Chimney-sweeper. — Pray, Mr. Devil, says Crispin, what want you with me ? —Your Wife sent me after you (cries the Chimney-sweeper) to fetch you home.—Home (cries Crispin) pray, Mr. Devil, to which home, your home or my home ? To your own home (answers the Chimney-sweeper)—Then by all the shoes in my shop (says Crispin) I will not go, unless you first carry my Wife to your home, and then I'll go home presently.—Done (says the Chimney-sweeper) stay you here till I return, and I'll pack her off for you instantly.—Done (cries the shoe-maker) do you perform your work, and I'll perform my word.—Away runs the Chimney-sweeper to the Shoe-maker's House in St. Martin's, and knocks at the Door, to which comes the wife in her smock, expecting it was her Husband : The Chimney-sweeper, for fear of frightening her, presently discovers himself, and tells her what Trick he had put upon her Husband, and upon what Errand her Spouse had sent him ; and that if she would but first let him make him

a Cuckold, he would engage to make him a good Husband for ever after.— Upon this Condition the Wife consented, and the business being done with a Jirk, he gave her Directions how she should manage the matter, and returned again to the Shoe-maker, who waited with great Impatience to hear the success.— Well (says Crispin to the Devil, as he thought) have you done the business?— Ay, ay, (says the Chimney-sweeper) effectually, therefore make haste home, for I forgot to shut the Door after me.— How did she behave (says Crispin) did she not scold damnably?— Confoundedly (cries the Chimney-sweeper) she has already put Hell in an uproar, and how long we shall be able to keep her there the L—d knows.— Wounds (says the Shoe-maker) good Devil keep her now thou hast her, for if you let her come back again, I shall certainly hang myself.— So bidding each other Farewell, away went Crispin with great Joy to his own House, where the Door was left on the jar, and the wife stood hid in a closet above stairs, according to the Chimney-sweeper's Directions: Crispin, when he had made all fast, took the Candle and went up to Bed, pleasing himself with the Thoughts
of

of the great Kindness the Devil had done him, and sitting himself down on the Bed-side, began to undress, making himself merry with a piece of an old Ballad, which he thought very applicable to his present Happiness, viz.

I value not Silver or Gold,

Now I'm rid of a troublesome Evil :

My Wife was a damnable Scold,

But now she is gone to the Devil.

Upon these Words out bolts his Wife upon him from the Closet, with her Hair about her Ears like a Fury, and her Smock as black with the Chimney-Sweeper's Smugling her, as if herself had been the Devil, crying out, You lye, you Rogue, I defy the Devil and all his Works, I will make you know, Sirrah, there is never a Devil in Hell can master me, if I am set on't ; you may see by my Pickle I was forced to struggle hard to overcome Satan, and since I have Conquer'd the Devil, I am resolved I will Master you. The poor Shoe-maker, in the midst of his Jollitry, was so sadly cow'd at his Tormenter's Appearance, that he was forced to cry *Peccavi*, and acknowledge his Wife to be so good a Woman that the Devil could

could have no Power over her ; so upon *Crispin's* Submission, his Tongue-teasing Fury put on a clean Smock in order to invite the cozen'd *Cuckold* to the butter'd Bun, which the *Chimney-Sweeping Devil* had left him for his Supper, and then tumbled into Bed, where all past Differences were reconciled by the Matrimonial Peace-Maker.

The Comical Exchange : Or a Fireship instead of a Maidenhead.

A Country Gentleman coming up to Town, happened to take a Lodging in an Apothecary's House, where he had not resided above a week, but, being an amorous Spark, he fell deeply in love, as he pretended, with the Apothecary's Maid, improving all Opportunities that offer'd, in hopes of decoying the Girl into the like Affection, that their Desires might be mutual. But the Girl, being as cunning as she was pretty, was very cautious how she gave him Encouragement, because she had good Reasons to believe, from his manner of Courtship, his Design was only to debauch her. After he had try'd for some time all the soothing means imaginable

ginable to bring her to a Compliance, but still found her Virtue so impregnable, that all his Solicitations to that End, were repulsed with such a modest Contempt, and Virtuous Defiance, that he grew almost hopeless of obtaining his Desires; yet at last resolved to try Love's Powerful Expedient Gold, and if he found he could not purchase a Surrender upon reasonable Terms, then to break up his Siege, and utterly desist making any further Efforts, but for the future look upon her Sullen Beauty as Unconquerable.

In Pursuance of his Design, the next Opportunity he had, he renewed his Amours, and to strengthen her Belief of the wonderful Passion he had for her, he told her, what mighty things he would do for her if she would but condescend to oblige him with her Favours; and as a present Earnest of his sincere Intention, he would present her with that little Purse of Gold, wherein there were ten half Guineas, upon Condition she would but promise to be kind to him. The Girl wanting no Wit, answered him, since she was not to be won with Love, she was not to be purchased with Money; and tho' she was but in the mean Circumstances of a Servant, yet she thank'd God, she had Honesty enough
to

to resist such a Powerful Temptation. The Gentleman finding she would not swallow the Bait upon any such Terms, pressed her to keep them a Day or two and Consider of it, in hopes, when she had once had the handling of the glittering Bribe, she would rather submit than return it. With much difficulty he at last prevailed upon her to receive the Gold, with a promise to give him her Answer the next Day, whether she would heal those Wounds which her Eyes had given or not.

It happened about two Days before, a Young Lady of the Town, who had fired her Tail by an immoderate Resignation of her Favours, had privately taken a Lodging in the same House, that the Apothecary, with the more safety to her, and ease to himself, might repair her damaged Carcase with a gentle Salivation; which the Wench knowing, and conceiving Madam to be a proper Person to manage the Intrigue, she acquaints her with all that had passed between the Gentleman and herself, except the little Purse of Gold; and told her, that if she would be but so kind as to change Beds with her for one Night, they could put a pretty Trick upon
the

the Gentleman, who was a rich Country Curmudgeon, and would prove a fat Patient to her Master, who she was sure would be well pleased with the Project, and would use her the more kindly for being an Instrument to procure him so profitable a Patient. The Lady, who ever since she was able, had been a great Lover of Intrigue, very readily consented. Upon this, the next Opportunity the Girl had with her importunate Lover, she carried herself towards him with a little more Freedom than ordinary, and after he had pressed her to a Compliance with a strenuous Repetition of his former Arguments, she at last seemed, though with a blushing Countenance, to acquiesce with his Desires; telling him, That she lodged just over his Head, and if she could oblige him with any thing he thought worth coming up so high for, it should be at his service; but withal desired him to come up in the dark, for fear the Candle should glance thro' some of the Key-holes of the Doors, and cause Discovery, for that she would have a Light by her bed-side ready to receive him, but beg'd him not to venture till he was sure all the Family was in bed. He promised her punctually to observe her Directions, and down stairs she
went

went about her Business, leaving the Spark under an inexpressible Satisfaction for the mighty Conquest, as he thought, he had so happily gained over such a pretty Innocent. The Maid, as well pleased as her Lover, soon found a Convenient Opportunity to communicate how far she had proceeded to her Lewd Agent, who was glad to Revenge herself of that Ingrateful Sex, who had brought her Youth and Beauty into so Miserable a Condition, and shew'd herself so very forward to play her part, that the pleasing foresight she had of the deceit, gave her Fancy a Titulation. About Ten o'Clock at Night the Lady betook herself to the Maid's Chamber, and as soon as the Family were in Bed the Maid retired into Miss's Apartment. When all things were hush and silent, and a proper season for the Enjoyment was at hand, Madam, by joggling the Chair by her Bed-side, gave the Gentleman beneath Notice, that his Dear Beloved, as he thought, expected his Company; he presently slips on his Gown, and opening his Door with as much Caution as a Midnight Thief, by soft and gentle steps he makes his approaches towards his Happiness, Miss

E lying

lying all the while very circumspect to watch his Entrance, who, at last, came sliding in at the Door as silently as a Shadow : Upon which *Phillis* immediately pops out the Candle, which she thought would be ascribed to her Modesty, giving him no more Time to look about him, but just to see where the Bed stood, lest he should discern the Difference. No sooner had he fumbled his way into Love's Paradise, the Bed, but being ready Cock'd and Primed, he began to be mighty busy about the Maidenhead, which his experienced Bedfellow managed with such Subtilty, that he made no scruple of his being the first Sinner that had ever jog'd on that untrodden way : Her Whispers were so soft, that her Voice was undiscoverable, and her Deportment so very Coy, and yet Inviting, that he did not at all question but that was the Beginning of her Corruption. The Spark, proud of so Glorious a Conquest, repeated over his Joys with abundance of Vigour, till at last he had exhausted his Spirits, so that he began to tug at the Labouring Oar, which his Bedfellow finding, entreated him in a Whisper, but just intelligible, to return to his own Bed whilst the Family

were

were Dead in Sleep, left some Accidental Blunder upon the Stairs, if he staid whilst they were more Wakeful, should give them cause of Suspicion. He having already glutted himself with the Forbidden Fruit, was glad to take her Advice, that he might come off with Flying Colours, so gave her a parting Kiss, and groped his way down into his own Chamber. *Phyllis* was so highly pleased that the Project had succeeded so well, without the least interruption or discovery, that she could not Sleep for Laughing in her Sleeve, to think how she had Pepper'd off the Spark, and made him a Partner in Affliction. A little before Day-light Madam steals down to her own Bed, and tells the Maid how luckily every thing had been carried on, according to both their Wishes: The Wench, after her Ears had been tickled with a luscious Account of the whole Proceeding, advanced to her own Room, and about the usual time of her Rising came down Stairs; and upon the first Opportunity she had, acquaints her Master with the whole Intrigue. Truly, says the Master, I must need commend thee both for thy Wit and thy Honesty; for since he could

not be content without a Whore, I think thou didst well to deceive him by one that was a Whore ; but however, says he, to prevent a noise in the House, I would advise you to go into the Country to your Mother till I send for you up again, and let none of the Family know any thing of the matter ; and let me alone to manage the Business for the future. The Maid was very glad to take her Master's Counsel, and packing up a few Necessaries, went privately into the Country. The Gentleman wondered that all the succeeding Day he could not see his Love as he used to do, the next Day came, and when he called for any thing, up came a sort of a Chair-woman ; as soon as he had Dressed himself, down Stairs he comes into the Shop, expecting to see her frisking backwards and forwards as he used to do, thinking that her Modesty might be such, as to be Conscious of the Liberty she had given him, and so be ashamed to look him in the Face, conceiving that to be the reason she would not come up Stairs to him. By and bye in comes the Master, and after they had bid one another Good Morrow, Lord, Sir, says the Apothecary, I have had one of the oddest things happened

pened in my Family, that has perfectly amazed me! Pray what's that? cries the Gentleman. *Hannab*, the pretty Wench, replies the Apothecary, that was my Servant, is gone from me so unaccountably, that I am afraid the poor Girl is come to some Mischief; she went out, it seems, Yesterday Morning, and has never been heard of since; I am afraid the silly Creature was in Love, and by some means or other has made away with herself. This unaccountable News nettled the poor Gentleman sadly, who was apt enough to think the Wench, reflecting upon the Sin and Folly she had committed over Night, might be induced to something or other that might be the occasion of her Ruin. This past on for three or four Days, till at last, the Fire which lay smothering in the Gentleman's lower Apartment, began to break out with most astonishing Violence: No sooner had he found that she had burnt his *Pope*, but he presently concluded that to be the cause of her running away, and that instead of a *Maidenhead*, she had given him for his Five Guineas a Confounded *Clap*; he thought he could not be too early with such a Distemper, and presently Communicates his Con-

dition to the Apothecary ; telling him that Modest Mrs. *Hannab* had done him that piece of Service, and that now the cause was plain why she left him so abruptly. The serious *Fundament Peeper* made a mighty wonder at these Tidings, declaring what a positive Opinion he had of her Virtue : But, says the Doctor, I find we are all *Adam's* Children, and must have a bite at the Forbidden Fruit as well as our Parents. So, taking the Gentleman under his Care, he made a fine Penny of his Country Chub, e'er he dispatch'd him out of Town ; cured his Female Patient upon easy Terms for her Civility ; and then recalled his Maid *Hannab* into her old Service.

The Dead Man's Resurrection : Or, the Judge Buried alive in his own Cellar.

ONE of the Judges in King *Charles* the Second's Reign being, in the long Vacation, at his Country House at *Holfworth* in *Suffolk*, happened, upon too serious a Reflection on some little Juvenile Miscarriages, to fall into a deep Fit of the *Hypochondria*, insomuch that he fancy'd himself to be Dead, and

was

was so very Obstinate under the Influence of his Whimsical Distemper, that he could not be perswaded to stir Hand or Foot, or receive any manner of Sustenance, but what was forced down his Throat by Syringes, or such like Stratagems, till he had brought his body into so low a Condition, that had a lighted Candle been in his Belly, his sides would have prov'd as Transparent as a Lanthorn: In this Stubborn Frenzy he lays upon his Back, stretch'd out at his full length like a Corps, and as Motionless as a Stone Figure upon an old Tomb, niether his Physician nor his Family knowing what to do with him. A Famous *High German Doctor* coming into the Town, attended with a Pack of *Fools* and *Rope Dancers*, in order to pick the Country People's Pockets of a little Money, hearing of so Eminent a Person under this unaccountable Indisposition, took an Occasion, the first Time that he mounted his publick Theatre, to mention this matter to his *Country Chubs*, who were giving great Attention to all the lyes he could muster up to his Advantage, telling them, that their Country Physicians were all Fools,

and that the Judge was only troubled with the Mulligrubs, and that if his Lady would send for him he would undertake to bring him to his Speech, set him upon his Legs, make him Walk, Talk, Eat, Drink, Piss, Sh——t, or do any thing in four and twenty Hours time, or else he would desire nothing for his trouble: This large promise of the *Mountebank* was soon Communicated to the *Judge's* Lady, who being a Tender Wife to her Husband, and willing to try every thing that might do him good, sent immediately for the *Dutch Tooth Drawer*, to consult him about the matter; who told her, positively, he could soon Cure him, if she would promise he should have a Hundred Guineas Reward, provided he had leave, without interruption, to do as he should think fit. The Lady assured him, he should have all the Liberty he desired to work the Cure, and the reward he asked when he had performed it. Both Parties being agreed, the *Doctor* sent his Man for a Joiner and a Coffin, and as soon as the one had brought the other, up Stairs they went, for the Doctor would not see his Patient before he had got his Tools ready. When every thing

thing was in order, in goes the Doctor and the Lady, the rest tarried without till called for. No sooner had the Doctor cast an Eye upon his Sullen Patient, but he presently cries out to the Lady, Lord, Madam, what mean you to send for a Physician to the Dead Man? For shame keep him not above Ground any longer. Upon my word, Madam, he has been Dead so long that he stinks again, and if you don't Bury him quickly, the very Scent of his Corps will breed a Plague in your Family. I have had a Coffin in the House some time, replied the Lady, but was loth to have him Buried too soon, for fear he should come to Life again. By all means, says the Doctor, let it be brought in, and order him to be Nailed up with all Expedition. Pray, Doctor, says the Lady, do you stay a little in the Room for fear the Rats should gnaw the Corps, and I'll step and order some of my Servants to bring in the Coffin presently. The Patient heard all this, but was still too humourfome to break his Silence. By and bye comes the Lady, and her Servants after with the Coffin, who set it down by the Bed-side, and then, according to the Doctor's Direction, wrapt their Master up in a couple of warm Blankets, and into the Coffin they very

orderly laid him, put on the Lid, and made a Hammering over his Head as if they were nailing him up. He endur'd it all without either Word or Motion; and when he was thus enclosed they order'd the Great Bell of the Church to Ring out, that he might think they were bearing him to his last Home, the Grave; instead of which they carry'd him down into his own Wine Cellar, where they set some body to watch by him, till a good Supper was got ready; in the Interim the Doctor order'd his Lady and her Servants so to disguise themselves in Winding-Sheets, and such like Dresses, as would best represent a parcel of Ghosts or Spirits, the Doctor making one amongst them; when they were thus Equip'd, the Doctor led the Van of the *Hob Goblins*, and into the Cellar they went, where they alter'd their voices as much as possible, and fell into a Merry Extravagant Chat, concerning the Affairs of the upper World, rattling the Bottles and Glasses, extolling their Happiness after Death, and drinking to the remembrance of those Friends they had left behind. The Cloth being laid, in a little time down came Supper, on which they fell to with all the seeming Jollitry imaginable.

As they were thus merrily Eating and Carousing, what's the matter, says the Doctor, with that melancholy Ghost, that he does not rise out of his Coffin? He has been among us this Fortnight and has not yet given us any of his Company: Sure he is sadly tired with his Journey out of the other World, for he has had a plaguy long Sleep after it; Prithce awake him and ask him to eat a bit with us, for he has had no Refreshment since he has been in the Elizium. With that one of the most frightful of the Spectres, with a Taper in his Hand, opens the Lid of the Coffin, and hollowing in his Ears, *Mag Damnum, Huggle Duggle, Deputy Governour of the lower Regions, desires your Company to Supper with him.* Upon which he raises his Head to the Edge of the Coffin, and beholding such a parcel of frightful Figures feeding as heartily as so many Ploughmen; Pray, says he, do dead Men Eat? Aye, aye, and Drink too, says the Doctor, or how should they Live else? Then, says the Judge, if Eating be the Custom of this Country, I will make my Resurrection and pick a bit with you. So they lent him a hand, and conducted him to a Seat at the Table. Truly, says

says he, I am very glad to find that Dead Men live so Merrily : Well may we be so Merry, cries the Doctor, for we live better here without Money, than a Man in the other World can for a Thousand Pounds a Year; for in short we have every thing, and that for nothing. The Judge, who was a great Lover of a little Shoulder of Mutton, and which his Lady remembering, had got one ready at the Fire, asked them, If that Country afforded any Mutton? The best, replies the Doctor, in all the three Worlds; Here, fetch a hot Shoulder presently; which by one of the Ghostly Attendants was done immediately; at which unexpected Sight the Judge was so well pleased, that he fell to and eat heartily. When Supper was over, they drank a chearful Glats to the Memory of all their particular Friends over their Head, till at last the Patient (being much weakened with his long Fasting) grew very Fuddled, so that they turned him again into his Wooden Territories; where he soon fell into a very sound Sleep; during which time they carried him up into his own Room, and put him again into his Bed, where he rested very well, and his Lady with him, till the next Morning about Day-

Day-light, and at last waking, he began to look about him, very strangely surpris'd; which the Lady perceiving, cry'd, Prithee, my Dear, what's the matter with thee? Lord, Love, says he, art thou here? Where are we? In your own Bed, replies the Lady, in your own Chamber, in your own House: Where do you think we should be? Then, says the Judge, I have had one of the unaccountablest Dreams that ever was heard of, and falls to repeating over all he had seen over Night. Poh, poh, says she, never mind such Idle Whimsies, but think of what you can eat for Breakfast. So up got my Lady and provided him something that was comfortable, and from that Time he was recovered of his Melancholy, so the Mountebank had his reward, and the Judge sat upon the Bench for several Years after.

*Reason's quite lost where Melancholy Rules,
The Wisest Men we see sometimes are Fools.*

Poems on several Occasions.

*To the Dutches of B——n, on her remaining
in the Country this Winter. By Dr. Garth.*

Cease rural conquests, and set free your swains,
To druids leave the groves, to nymphs the plains;
In pensive dales alone let eccho dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears, with sorrow tell;
Haste, let your eyes at *Kent's pavillion shiue,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, fame only tells of yeilding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns;
Of purchased lawrels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er run,
And all Alcides' labours sum'd in one. }
The brave must to the fair now yeild the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes:
In which bright list among the first you stand,
Tho each a goddess, or a Sunderland.

* *A Gallery the Earl of Kent hath built at St. James's.*

To Mr. S———. By Mr. P——.

W Hilst crowding folks with strange ill faces
Were making legs, and begging places,
And some with patent, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good lord D——'s spirit,
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited till the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought up fifty lyes:
But patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
I found it was in vain to tarry;

And

And did Opine it might be better,
 By penny-post to send a letter.
 Now if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little place:
 And fair pretensions I have for't,
 Much want, and very small desert.
 I ne'er writ to you but I wanted;
 I've always beg'd, you've always granted.
 To my old custom still I'm true,
 For god's sake don't you get a new;
 But as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my learning and my victual;
 And still equip'd me with things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been of your begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at six or seven,
 As S—— has left mount S——n.
 No family that takes a whelp,
 When first it laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns it out of gate,
 When once 'tis grown to dogs estate:
 Nor parish if once they adopt
 The helpless barns, by strollers dropt,
 Leave them when grown up lusty fellows
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
 No, thank them for their love, that's worse
 That if they'd throttl'd them at nurse.

* My uncle, rest his soul, when living, * a Vintner.
 Might have contriv'd my means of thriving;
 Taught me with cyder to replenish
 My fats, as ebbing tides, with rhenish
 And when for hock I drew prick'd white wine,
 Swear't had the flavour, and was the right wine.
 Or put me with seven pounds to *Furne-*
val's Inn, to some good rogue attorney.
 Where then by forging deeds, and cheating,
 I had some handsome way of getting.
 You made me leave all this to follow
 The sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo,
 And folks I'd never seen or knew,
 Calliope, and god knows who.

To add no more invectives to it,
 You've spoil'd the youth to make a poet.
 In common justice, Sir, sure no man
 E'er makes a whore, but keeps the woman.
 And 'mongst all honest christian people,
 Whoe'er breakslimbs, maintains the cripple.
 The sum of all I have to say,
 Is that you'd put me in some way,
And your Petitioner shall ever pray.
 There's something more I had almost slip't,
 But that will do as well in postscript.
 My friend C——M——'s prefer'd,
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one mouse feasts, and th' other's starv'd.

The English Padlock. By Mr. P——r,

THE lovely dame, when fair and young,
 As Horace has divinely sung,
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By door of steel, and walls of brass.
 The reason of the thing is clear,
 Would Jove the naked truth aver;
 Cupid was with him of the party,
 And acted vigorous and hearty.
 For, give that whipster but his errand,
 He takes with lord chief-justice warrant;
 Dauntless as death away he walks,
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks.
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study,
 Nor stops till he has Culprit's body.
 Since this has been authentick truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth,
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious? why so jealous?
 Does thy restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make us less owners, she less fair?
 The spy, who does the fair one keep,
 Does she ne'er say her pray'rs, nor sleep?
 Does she to no excess incline?
 Does she fly musick, mirth and wine:
 Or have not gold and flattery power,
 To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your

Your care does further yet extend,
That spy is guarded by your friend:
But has that friend no eye nor heart,
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which soon or late all mortals feel,
May he not with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hatred trust,
Which makes him wretched to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this Logick to be good?

S I R,

Will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend;
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face——he'll write:
From pen and paper she's debar'd. —
Has she a bodkin and a card,
She'll prick her mind.——he will you say;
But how shall she that mind convey?
I lock her fast, I keep the Key. —
The key——hole——fool, that take away.
Dear angry friend, what may be done,
Is there no way? — There is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty shew,
Powder and pocket-glass a Beau.
A steeple of romance and lyes,
False fears, and real perjuries.
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told;
Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir,
The spoils of ruin'd beauties share;
And youth seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.

Let

Let her behold the frantick scene,
 The women wretched, false the men;
 And when, the certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run,
 Receive her with extended arms,
 Seem more delighted with her charms;
 Wait on her to the park and play,
 Put on good humour, make her gay;
 Be to her virtues very kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock on her mind.

*Mr. Thomas Brown's Petition to the Lords
 Justices, when he was a Prisoner for Writing
 a Lampoon upon the French King, soon after
 the Peace of Ryswick.*

Should you order Tom Brown
 To be whipt thro' the town
 For scurvy lampoon,
 Tate, Southern, and Crown,
 Their pens will lay down,
 Even D'Urfey himself, and those merry fellows,
 Who put all their trust in tunes and twangdillows,
 Must hang up themselves, and their harps on the willows.
 For if poets are punish'd for libelling trash,
 Jack Dryden at fifty may yet fear the lash.
 No pension, no praise,
 All birch, and no bays,
 These are not right ways
 Our fancies to raise,
 To the making of plays;
 Or prologues so witty,
 That jirk at the city;
 And now and then hit
 Some friend in the pit,
 So hard and so par,
 That he hides with his hat
 His monstrous cravat.
 The pulpits alone
 Can never preach down
 The fops of this town.

Then

Then pardon Tom Brown.

And let him write on;

Or, if you are willing to convert the poor sinner,

His foul railing mouth you may stop with a dinner.

Give him new cloaths, some meat, and much drink,

Then keep him close prisoner without pen and ink.

And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

The Whim: Dedicated to the two Puppet Kings,
that of *Madrid* and that of *St. Germain's*.

'Midst pretty tricks, and quaint device;

Of tiny children when void of vice;

When soul, that particle divine,

Does but like farthing candle shine;

While maid does hold the silly taper,

Enwrap'd in lanthorn made of paper;

Which too but just discernment brings,

Nor shews the difference of things.

So glimmers the young dawning soul

Of nature's pretty little fool.

Therefore as Caslocks say, 'tis thought,

Whate'er it does can be no fault.

I say 'midst pleasantries of child,

Little machines, and actions wild,

Of cards I've seen the bauble take

A superannuated pack:

The diamond's sully'd, and the spade,

By frequent use now dirty made;

And only fit to entertain

Pretty conceit of infant brain;

Which scarce as yet within the skull

Is grown to half a sinner full;

When card by card the oaf doestake,

Father, look here, what I can make.

And then to work he strait does fall,

To frame some small escorial.

Some minor Pauls, or tiny Coloss,

(But oh! the dismal fate that follows.)

First then he for foundation lays

A row of kings, a royal race:

By them the sex that's fair and tender,

Their spouses, of the fem'nine gender;

The queen of hearts the brightest shone;
 And now the edifice goes on.
 The mob with clubs and spades are laid,
 Those dy'd the other into red.
 But high'ft of all a pack of knaves,
 The babe too naturally heaves;
 Just as in fortune's scales we fee
 Rogues mounted to supremacy;
 There many pams win all, each takes
 The coin, and sweeps away the stakes.
 Well, now the ſtructure riſes, and
 In gay ſublimity does ſtand,
 Emblem of artificial hand. }
 But ah! the fate, when juſt at roof,
 Behind comes a malicious puff,
 And down the gugaw pile does fall,
 As future Paul's, e'er doomsday ſhall.
 E'en ſo with ſmall things great compare,
 Lewis the proud is nought but air;
 With thoſe that form'd his grand deſign,
 So cloſe, ſo exquisitely fine;
 Richelieu the leader, Mazarine,
 Louvois and Croſſy, and Forbine;
 None with the nicest ſubtilty, }
 Could ought that was miſlaid deſcry,
 Yet all their mighty projects die.
 'Twas thro' a fine, yet airy web,
 The torrent now begins to ebb;
 And now the Louvre and Verſails,
 Th' eſcurial too, that Spaniſh Paul's,
 Shake at great Eugene's name and ſword,
 Who's ſending them another lord,
 And's like to puff the Babel down,
 The little boy that wears the crown;
 With grand pa-pa, who'd ſain aſpire
 High as the German Bird, and higher;
 For ſee the Spaniſh Phaeton,
 That dwells i'th' regions of the ſun,
 Has got his leave of Gallick fire,
 To go and ſet the world on fire.
 Well drive on coachman, and take care
 To ſet down, not bring back your fare.

The don Monsieur, the Spanish beau,
When he comes near the fatal Po,
May curse old daddy's *Allez Vous*.

}

A Prologue design'd for Tamerlane. Written
by Dr. G ———.

TO day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you Britains arm;
To valour much he owes, to virtue more.
He fights to save, and conquers to restore;
He strains no texts, nor makes dragoons perswade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade:
Born for mankind, they by his labours live,
Their prosperity is his prerogative.
His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
And none, except his passions, are his slaves.

Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
In council greatest, and in camps no less;
Brave, but not cruel, wise without deceit,
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet;
But you disdaining to be too secure,
Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in dispute,
Who give supplies are only absolute.
Britain, for shame your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line;
Assert lost right, an Austrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne;
A cause no less could on great Eugene call,
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal.
He shews you your lost honour to retrieve,
Our troops will fight, when once the senate give:
Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
Of whig and tory, in this cause unite;
One vote will then send Anjou back to France,
There let the meteor end his airy dance.
Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
E'en abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worst he'll find some Cornish borough here.

}

The Play-House. A Satyr.

NEAR to the Rose, where punks in numbers flock,
 Go pick up cullies to encrease their stock;
 A lofty fabrick does the sight invade,
 And stretches round the place a pompous shade.
 Where sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprize,
 And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.

Here thrifty R—— hires monarchs by the day,
 And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
 With deep mouth actors fill the vacant scenes,
 And drains the town for goddesses and queens.
 Here the lewd punk, with crowns and scepters grac'd,
 Teaches her eyes a more majestick cast;
 And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
 Of suppliant knaves, like Sancho starve and reign.

But enter in my muse, and stage survey,
 And all its pomp and pageantry display,
 Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
 And magick walls encompass it around:
 On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
 And intermix'd with brothel-houses rise.
 Dis-jointed palaces in order stand,
 And groves obedient to the movers hand,
 O'er-shade the stage, and flourish at command. }
 A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire.
 So when Amphion struck the vocal lire,
 He saw the spacious circuit all round,
 With crowding woods, and neighb'ring cities crown'd.

But next the 'tiring-room survey and see,
 False titles and promiscuous quality,
 Confus'dly swarm from heroes and from queens,
 To those that swing in clouds, and fill machines:
 The various characters they chuse with art,
 The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part.
 Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly makes a host;
 Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost.
 From careful brows, and heavy down cast eyes,
 Dull cits, and thick scull'd aldermen arise.
 The comick tone inspir'd by F——r draws,
 At ev'ry word, loud laughter, and applause.

The mincing dame continues as before,
Her character's unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with mighty stalks,
Magnificent in purple buskins walks;
The royal robes his haughty shoulders grace,
Proud of spangles and of copper lace.
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, th' unpointed weapon tie;
Then the gay glitt'ring diadem put on,
Pondrous with brass, and star'd with *Bristol* stone.
His royal consort next consults her place,
And out of twenty boxes culls her face:
The whit'ning first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan th' unfinished form appears;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes,
Length to her brows the pencil touch supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds.

Her countenance compleat, the beaus she warms,
With looks, not hers, and spite of nature charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till fidlers flourish bids the curtain rise;
The prince then enters on the stage in state,
Behind a guard of candle snuffers wait.
There sworn with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse;
His subjects tremble, the submissive pit
Wrapt up in silence and attention sit.

Till freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of publick business, and affairs of state;
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some peaceful brandy shop retires.
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays;
The callow squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paint and patches dies.

But should the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat:

}
The

The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
 And nauseates every charm he lov'd before.
 So the same spear, for double force renown'd,
 Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
 And draw at length the rabble of the stage;
 Where one for twenty years has giv'n alarms,
 And call'd contending monarchs to their arms:
 Another fills a more important post,
 And rises every other night a ghost;
 Thro' the clift stage his meagre face he rears,
 Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears.
 Others with swords and shields, the soldiers pride,
 More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,
 And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.

Thus several persons several parts perform,
 Pale lovers whine, and blust'ring heroes storm;
 The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
 Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage;
 Then honours vanquish, and distinctions cease,
 And with reluctance haughty queens undress:
 Heroes no more their fading lawrels boast,
 And mighty kings in private men are lost;
 He whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
 To whom all realms and vanquish'd nations bow'd,
 Throws off the gawdy plume, and purple train,
 And is in statu quo himself again.

A Prologue: Spoken by Mr. P——n, suppos'd to
 be press'd and haul'd in before the Curtain
 by a couple of *Press-Constables*.

WELL, master constable, I must, you say.
 Go kill French cowards for a groat a day;
 But why such rugged violence as this?
 D'ye break men's noddles to preserve the peace?
 Truly, rough Sirs, I cannot think 'tis fair,
 To turn pacifick staves to clubs of war:
 'Tis true you've made me by experience know,
 Pow'r, when provok'd, can give a deadly blow.

I'm press'd, you say, but I believe oppress'd,
 Yet wrongs like these are hard to be redress'd;
 And the first speedy end proves always best.

The

The readiest way's to bribe off my restraint,
Here, Gentlemen, I know what 'tis you want.

The constables take the money and go off.

Your servant, Sirs; by this the world may see,
How scoundrel knaves abuse authority;
Chose into Power from garrets, bulks, and stalls,
Advanc'd to staves from thimbles and from auls;
From vamping shoes, and mending knitty jackets,
To cheat the crown, and pick the subjects pockets.

The weak they haul to arms because they're poor,
Unfit by nature for the toils of war;
But quit for bribes the hardy and the strong,
Protect themselves, and do their betters wrong:
Surprise the fearful, squeeze them till they bleed,
And when their palms are daub'd, the vagrant's freed:
Whilst more industrious men supply their room,
Whose hands would prove more useful here at home.
Thus by ill usage many feuds create,
Oppress the people, and deceive the state.

As for my part, I am unskill'd in jars,
And hate the tragick scenes of bloody wars:
You Gentlemen who wait to see our play,
All know my talent lies another way.
I make a soldier for the queen; ad'sheart,
One clap of train-band thunder makes me start:
I'd fain be reconcil'd to death, but can't,
The very thoughts of fighting makes me faint;
Not but I know it is of great renown,
To serve our native country, or the crown:
Besides, with rural damsels, I confess,
A scarlet coat is a most glorious dress.
The very colour dazzles female eyes,
And takes the heart, unguarded, by surprise;
You, who with honour wear it, often find
It makes the bashful country maid prove kind;
Who could, perhaps, before resist love's pow'r,
And keep her heart in all attacks secure;
Laugh at her lover's sighs, despise his tears;
But *Venus* must submit, when *Mars* appears.

Faith, now I think on't, I can tell you how
The state might quickly raise brave men enow;
Would they but find some gentle means to press
Those charming ladies, who our audience grace;

Should some bright stars in the next camp appear,
 You generous gentlemen, assembled here,
 Would need no prefs, but all run voluntier.

Such beauteous troops new wonders wou'd afford,
 And vanquish with their charms beyond the sword.
 You only (ladies) so divinely bright,
 Who wound with mercy, conquer with delight,
 Can the vast glories won at Hockstedt blast,
 More captives take, subdue with greater haste,
 And with your eyes gain mightier victories than our
 [last.]

Enjoyment the End of Love.

NO, no, 'tis not love; you may talk till dooms-day,
 If you tell me it's more than meer satisfaction,
 I'll never believe a tittle you say,

Tho' Baxter and Oats were the heads of your faction.
 The poets were therefore a number of owls,
 To make such a stir with a baby-faced god;
 'Tis only Priapus that scares the wild fowls,
 That rules with a far more scepter-like rod.

'Tis true, he may sometimes be shrewdly put to't;
 But the bow and the arrows are surely his due;
 Only thus, when his arrows are ready to shoot,
 They make the more pleasing wound of the two.

'Twas he that was father of all the graces,
 For he's the beginning and end of our woin'g;
 Your smiles, and your glances, and wanton grimaces,
 They all do but end in handling and doing.

When a man to a woman comes creeping and cringing,
 And spends his raptures on her nose and her eyes;
 To Priapus inspires the talkative engine,
 And all for the sake of her lilly-white thighs.

Hence they that in faces find coral and rubies,
 Pearl, diamonds, and gold, more bright than the sun;
 Notwithstanding all this, these poetical boobies,
 Despise all that treasure if further she's none.

Your oaths, protestations, and vows to the dame,
 Ask Solon, Lycurgus, both learned and smart;
 They'll tell you the place from whence they all came,
 Is half a yard almost below the heart.

There's

There's nothing but vertue the object of love,
 Nor beauty, nor colour, love minds in the least,
 They're only the object of pleasure by Jove,
 Where the altar's desire, Priapus high priest.
 Now if she be rich, 'tis the portion you'd have;
 Or a coach and fine cloaths her love to encourage:
 But alas, if either do either deceive,
 Love presently cools like a mess of pease-porridge.
 Then if this be your love, the devil take love,
 When self satisfaction is all the design;
 But let me love that which all men approve,
 An angel in purse, and a glass of good wine.

The poor Layman's Resolution in difficult Times.

ALL in amaze at what is past I stood,
 Doubting within myself, what's bad, what's good;
 Surpriz'd at this so strange and sudden turn,
 At which such numbers joy'd, so few did mourn;
 Where am I now? thought I; what have I past
 So long in truth's plain path, and now at last,
 After a race of fifty years and more,
 Doubt that same truth that good men own'd before:
 Away, away. —————

That lawful kings God's own anointed are,
 And have from him those royal crowns they wear,
 From him their scepter and from him their sword,
 Are truths dispers'd throughout the sacred word;
 That calls them gods, and bids us them obey,
 All due reverence to their persons pay;
 That bids us not resist, and if we do,
 Declares we break those laws we should pursue:
 If kings command what's ill, we must in short
 Not do't, because 'tis ill, but suffer for't.

Now tell me, learned guides, if this ben't true,
 And if it be, what will become of you?
 You reverend clergy, who have heretofore
 With these same doctrines made your pulpits roar:
 And boldly to the world in print made known,
 That 'tis the scriptures sense, as 'twas your own;
 Your own, till that surprizing turn of state
 Happen'd so much to England's joy of late;

Your own, till that new trial came, and then,
 Tho' call'd divines, you shew'd yourselves but Men;
 When you like truth's bold champion should have
 [stood,

And to the last those sacred truths pursued.
 How tamely you the holy cause forsook,
 And taught new doctrines from the self same book.
 Good God! what fears, what thirst of wealth will do,
 Even among such holy men as you!

Poor me! what shall I do? what shall I say?
 Where shall I go, when these our guides thus stray?
 But Heaven be prais'd they are not tainted all,
 Some yet remain that have not bowed to *Baal*, }
 Whose praises for a muse more lofty call.
 But let them stray that will, I'll keep the road,
 And tread the steps our late fore-fathers trod;
 I'll fear my God, honour my queen, or king,
 And meddle not with those that changes bring.
 Fix'd on a rock, I'm sure I firmly stand,
 Let storms now rage by sea, or war by land.
 Here then I'll fix, here shall my centre be,
 And let the world turn which way 'twill for me, }
 Lord keep me, for I wholly trust in thee.

*On the melting down the Plate : Or the Silver
 Piss-pots Farewell.*

MAids need no more their silver piss-pots scower,
 They now must jog like traitors to the *Tower*.
 A quick dispatch, no sooner are they come,
 But every vessel there receives its doom;
 Condemn'd by law to take this fiery trial,
 A sentence that admits of no denial.
 Presumptuous piss-pot, how didst thou offend?
 Compelling females to their haunches bend.
 To kings and queens we humbly bow the knee,
 But queens themselves are forc'd to bend to thee.
 To thee maids cringe, and with a straining face
 They ease their griefs by opening their case:
 In times of need they do thy help implore,
 And oft to ease their ailments make thee roar.
 Under their beds till now thou'st been conceal'd,
 And ne'er but on necessity reveal'd.

When

When over charg'd, and in extremity,
 Their dearest secrets they disclose to thee.
 Long like a prisoner hast thou been confin'd,
 But liberty for thee is now design'd.
 Thou, whom so many beauties have enjoy'd,
 Now in another use must be employ'd:
 Be handed with delight about each day,
 And occupy'd a far more decent way:
 But crafty workmen must thee first refine,
 And purge thee from the solder and the brine.
 When thou'rt transform'd into another shape,
 'Twill make the world rejoice at thy escape.
 Who from the Mint in triumph shalt be sent,
 New coin'd and mill'd to every heart's content,
 Welcome to all; then proud of thy new vamp,
 Bearing the passport of the royal stamp,
 You'll pass as current, pleasant, and as free,
 As that which has to oft pass'd into thee.

The Piss-Pot Coin'd.

Since piss-pot I to coin am run,
 I shall no more be piss'd upon;
 For he is of republick race
 That dares to piss in monarch's face.
 And on the other side 'tis worse,
 The sacred cross is my reverse.
 The Jacobite can't do me wrong,
 He han't a cross to piss upon.
 And if these times continue still,
 The L—d above knows when he will.

A Satyr against Brandy.

Farewel damn'd stygian juice, that dorth bewitch,
 From the court bawd down to the common birch,
 Thou liquid flame, by which each fiery face
 Lives without meat, and blushes without grace;
 Sink to thy native hell to mend the fire;
 Or if it please thee to ascend yet higher,
 Go to that dull lewd clime from whence you came,
 Where wit and courage do require your flame:

Where they carouse in your Vesuvian bowls,
 To dry the quagmire of their spongy souls.
 Had Dives for this scorching liquor cry'd,
 Abraham in mercy had his suit deny'd.
 Had Bonner known the force, the martyrs blood
 Had sifft in thee and sav'd the nation's wood;
 Essence of embers, scum of melting flint,
 With all their nature sparkles floating in't.
 Sure the black chymist with his cloven foot
 All Aetna's simples in one limbeck put,
 And double still'd, nay quinteseene'd thy juice,
 To charcoal mortals, for his future use.
 Fire-ship of nature, that doth doubly wound,
 For they that grapple thee are burnt and drown'd.
 God's past and future anger breathes in you,
 A deluge and a conflagration too.
 View yonder sot, I dont mean sheriff Shure,
 Grissled all o'er by thee, from head to foot;
 His greasy eye-lids shor'd above their pitch;
 His face with carbuncles and rubies rich;
 His skull, instead of brains, supply'd with cinder;
 His nose turns all his handkerchiefs to tinder;
 His stomach don't concoct but bake his food;
 His liver ever vitrifies his blood;
 His guts from nature's drudgery is freed,
 And in his bowels salamanders breed.
 His trembling hand scarce heaves his liquor in,
 His nerves all crackle under his parchment skin.
 The moving glass-house lightens with his eyes;
 Singes his cloaths, and all his marrow fries;
 Glows for a while, and then in ashes dies.

But, stay, lest I the saints dire anger merit,
 By striking their auxiliary spirit;
 I am inform'd, whate'er we wicked think,
 Thou art reform'd and turn'd a godly drink;
 Thou'st left thy old bad company of vermin,
 The swearing chairmen, and the drunken carmen;
 The foul mouth drivers of the hackney coaches,
 And now take it up with sage discreet debauches;
 Thou freely drop'st upon gold chains and fur,
 And sots of quality thy minions are;
 No more shalt thou foment an ale-house brawl,
 But the less sober riots of Guild Hall;

Where

Where by the Spirit's fallible direction,
We reprobates once poll'd at an election.
If this trade holds, what shall we wicked do?
The saint sequester, even our vices too.
But since the art of whoring's grown precise,
And perjury has got demurer eyes,
'Tis time, high time, to circumcise the jill,
And not let Brandy be Philistine still.

On a Bowl of Punch: A Poem by Captain Ratten.

THE gods and the goddeffes lately did feast,
Where Ambrosia with exquisite sauces was drest,
The Edibles did with their qualities suit,
But what they should drink did occasion dispute:
'Twas time that old nectar should grow out of fashion,
For that they had drank long before the creation.

When the sky colour'd cloth was remov'd from the
[board,

For the christaline bowl great Jove gave the word;
This bowl was of large and most heavenly lize,
In which they did use infant gods to baptize.

Quoth Jove, we're inform'd they drink punch upon
[earth,

By which mortal wights quite outdo us in mirth:
Therefore our wise godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.
'Twas spoke like a god,—Fill the bowl to the top,
He's cashier'd from the sky that shall leave but a drop.

Apollo dispatch'd away one of his lassies,
A pitcher to fill at the well of Parnassus;
To poets new born, this good liquor is brought,
And this they suck in for their first mornings draught

Juno for lemons sent into her closet,
Which when she was sick she infus'd into posset;
For goddesses may be as squeamish as gipties,
The sun and the moon we find have their eclipses;
These lemons were call'd the Hesperian fruit,
When vigilant dragon was set to look to't.
Three dozen of these were well squeez'd into water,
The rest o'th'ingredients in order come after.

Venus the admirer of things that are sweet,
 Without whose infusion there had been no treat,
 Commanded her sugar-loaves, white as her doves,
 Supported to the table by a pair of young loves.
 So wonderful curious these deities were,
 The sugar they strain'd thro' a sieve of fine hair.

Bacchus gave notice by dangling his bunch,
 Without his assistance there could be no punch;
 What he meant by the signal was very well known,
 So they threw in two gallons of trusty Langoon.

Mars a blunt god, tho' the chief of the biskers,
 Was seated at table, still twirling his whiskers;
 Quoth he, fellow gods, and celestial gallants,
 I'd not give a fart for your punch without pants.
 Therefore, my boy Ganymede, I do command ye
 To throw in at least two gallons of brandy.

Saturn of all the gods who was the oldest,
 And we may imagine his stomach was coldest;
 He out of his pouch did three nutmegs produce,
 Which when they were grated were put to the juice.

Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown
 With a sea basket bak'd very hard in the sun,
 The bowl being finish'd, a health was began,
 Quoth Jove, let it be to our creature, call'd man:
 'Tis to him alone that these pleasures we owe,
 For heaven was never true heaven till now.

*Written by a French Protestant, upon the Trophies.
 marching thro' the City.*

'TIS a very fine sight I my self will allow it,
 And am heartily glad I'm alive here to view it:
 But what are become of those brave men of might,
 Who supported these standards and colours in fight?
 Why, truly, say you, they are most to be found
 Gone to sleep on the cold bed of honour, the ground.
 E'en there let 'em lie undisturb'd in their slumber,
 I am very well pleas'd I am none of their number.
 'Tis true, for their king and their countrymens good,
 Their colours we see they have stain'd with their blood;
 Yet I am not vex'd there is none of mine there,
 'Cause I never could find I had any to spare.

To part with my blood, is to part with my life,
 I had rather by half lose my children or wife:
 For he's the most prudent who always takes pains
 To preserve it within its own chanel, the veins.
 That old English proverb I wisely rely-on
 A living dog's better than any dead lion.
 For when a man's kill'd, to his country he's lost,
 And signifies then not so much as a poit.
 Then who that has brains would appear such a sot,
 As to have them knock'd out for he does not know what?
 'Tis true, when we're gone, it perhaps may be said,
 We were brave, but that's nothing to him that is dead.
 I bless my good stars I am posted so safe,
 That whilst all countries fight, I can work on and
 [laugh.]
 From the tyrant of France we remain here secure,
 And England won't trust us in arms to be sure.
 Therefore I in quiet can rest in my bed,
 Whilst the subjects of France do in numbers lie dead,
 And the English are haul'd to be knock'd on the
 [head.] }

Upon a Mercenary Lawyer. A Poem.

A Cunning lawyer that hath wit at will,
 Can make a bad cause good, or good one ill,
 The golden fee alone is his delight,
 'Tis that which tempts him to oppose the right,
 And with learn'd arguments the wrong embrace,
 To give an unjust cause a righteous face.
 Justice he baffles by his powerful sense,
 And gains upon the bench by eloquence.
 Contounds the court by some mysterious querk,
 And leaves both judge and jury in the dark.
 Justice he staggers and can prove by law,
 That undisputed right that has no flaw,
 Without possession is not worth a straw.
 As times do change, so also do our laws,
 And what was good, may prove an unjust cause. }

For Instance.

Should some bold rebel over-turn the state,
 To raise himself into the royal seat ;
 And treason prosper, as in Cromwell's case,
 All things in course would have another face.
 Should Hobbs's principles of power and might
 Be allow'd a standing rule for legal right,
 Then law and gospel we may bid good night.

When nature is revers'd, and in a word,
 All things are measur'd by the longest sword,
 Jure Divino is not worth a t——d.

Cook's charging Charles the first with tray'torous
 crimes,

Was in compliance to those pious times.
 'Twas for my fee, said he, why try'd for treason,
 That made me plead against both law and reason.
 He only as a council in the cause,
 Did for his client strive to strain the laws.

Tho' prince and people of three kingdoms bleed,
 What is't to us how matters do succeed ;
 Gold is our god, and for our god we plead.

Great is Diana, chaste and all divine,
 Demetrius cry'd, that made the golden shrine,
 By that he got his wealth, and it is plain,
 Those gods are most ador'd that bring most gain.
 Wealth's the world's idol, to it all men bow,
 And if we gain it 'tis no matter how.

Should an act pass to cancel all our creed,
 What sable crowds for such a law would plead ;
 Provided in the case they were well fee'd.

For right and wrong are always understood,
 To be, or not to be for publick good ;
 He never yet was wrong that did prevail,
 And none was ever right, that chanc'd to fail.
 For 'tis a rule in law that power and might
 Are ever the best judge of wrong and right ;
 For they can crush mankind into obedience,
 And quite transfer our faith and true allegiance.

The priest's tythe pig, with what we call a fee,
 Is much the same, so they as well as we
 With this eternal maxim do agree.

When

When kings and things are chang'd by providence,

No law is binding in the scripture sense,
But subjects may with sacred oaths dispense.

So says a casuistical divine,
And in that issue by consent we join;
Let who will get or lose, so we are paid,
For both professions are become a trade.
And him we follow most, and most believe,
That has the greatest cunning to deceive.
Therefore since lawyers plead, and parsons cant—
On any side that best supply their want;
I'd have the greedy world think wisely of it,
And always hug the cause that brings most profit.

Epigrams and Whims.

A Prophecy. *Written by a certain Knight.*

WHEN Tewksbury mustard shall travel abroad,
 And die in a land without magpye or toad;
 And the fauce of the veal, joining three to a lion,
 Shall devour a fish, the pag-nag of Orion;
 The lillies shall try to swim over the ferry,
 Where they shall be met with, and drown'd by a Cherry,
 The children of France, with famine oppress'd,
 Will rejoice at a crust as a man at a feast.

The Answer. *Supposed to be writ by Mr. D——n.*

WHEN the last of all knights is the first of all
 [knaves,
 And the best of all pimps is the worst of all braves;
 When a coward is dub'd for not fighting, but feeding,
 And a lubberly brute is prefer'd for his breeding;
 When a medal and chain is bestow'd on a hog,
 Who deserves more a rope than ever did dog;
 When proph'cies are coin'd by a drunken buffoon,
 Whose chief talent lies in a harmless lampoon;
 When a black rod is given to a bold brazen face,
 What beast may not hope at *Whitchall* for a place?
 Then England beware of the conduct of France,
 Lest her dauphin should lead the lion a dance;
 And her children shall laugh that her breast is so full,
 Whilst thy proud navy-royal lies sucking a bull.

On Captain P——r's Evidence.

WHEN heaven to shew us mercy was inclin'd,
 Judas betray'd the Saviour of mankind.
 So P——r, by a pious treachery,
 Preserv'd his king, and set his country free.
 Both did but in a different shape trapan,
 One hang'd his master, th'other hang'd his man.
 If for this fact P——r's so highly priz'd,
 In faith we'll have Iscariot canoniz'd.

A Lover to his fat Mistress without Stays.

PRAY charming Silvia, do not think you raise
 My modest passion by your want of stays;
 I do not for your dangling breasts adore ye,
 That hang like new-milk'd udders down before ye:
 Nor do I in those flabby sides take pride,
 That do your apron-strings in wallups hide.
 You look like one from virtue's bonds just freed,
 Whose dress declares you little courtship need;
 If so, at one request, your favours grant,
 And please your self with what you seem to want.
 But if you think my jealous eyes to please,
 And would be gently conquer'd by degrees;
 Raise my esteem, and make me speak your praise,
 Pray hide the slit, and hasten on your stays.

The Town Lady to her Young Admirer.

AWAY young fool, give all thy flatt'ries o'er,
 I'm neither saint nor angel, but a whore;
 If thou'rt in love, and wounded art by me,
 I'll prove thy kind physician for a fee;
 If thou hast any fond desire to do't,
 Be generous at once, and let's go to't:
 Fine words and compliments ne'er reach our hearts,
 We're seldom wounded, but with golden darts.
 No cupid's arrow can our breast annoy,
 His mother guards us from the foolish boy;

Money's

Money's alone the god that makes us kind,
 For that we give up all you men can find;
 For gold we shew you all love's pleasing crotchets,
 But shut our legs to those that close their pockets.

Against Honesty. By the late Lord R——r.

NAY honesty's against all common sense,
 Men must be knaves, 'tis in their own defence.
 Nor shall weak truth thy reputation save,
 The knaves will all conspire to call thee knave.
 Wrong'd thou shalt live, still injur'd and oppress'd,
 Who durst be a less villain than the rest.

*The Curse of a Young Lady compel'd by her Parents
 to Marry an Old Man.*

DAMN'd may she be, nay, doubly damn'd, that first
 For int'rest wedded age, may she be curst
 With all the plagues a woman's rage can vent,
 And when we curse I'm sure they are well meant;
 May she be lewd to excess, proud, but yet poor,
 And none supply her lust when she turns whore.
 Then may she pine to death for her ill luck,
 'Cause age her cannot, youth her will not ———.

*Spoke by a Servant Maid in the Church, doing
 Pennance for Defaming her Mistress.*

HERE do I stand according to law,
 Compell'd to deny what mine own eyes saw;
 His breeches were down, her belly was bare,
 If he did nothing, what did he do there?

Villeroy's Mishap. To the Ladies.

BY Villeroy's mishap learn to be wise.
 Ne'er think yourselves secure from night's surprise.
 Tho' from the ramparts you defy the foe,
 Eugene will find an aqueduct below.

Out

Out of Ovid.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

English'd by the same Hand.

WHile fortune wraps thee warm
Thy friends about thee swarm,
Like flies about a honey-pot;
But if the frown,
And cast thee down,
Lie there and rot.

In Æliam. Mart. Ep.

Si memini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes,
Exspuit una duos tussis, et una duos;
Nunc secura potes totis tussire diebus,
Nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

Thus English'd by T. B.

When gammer Gurton first I knew,
Four teeth in all she reckon'd;
A cough unlucky whips out two,
And t'other two a second:
Courage, old dame, and never fear,
For if the third cough comes,
Give me but t'other jug of beer,
And I'll secure thy gums.

Engrav'd on a Tobacco-Box:

Cum titris Pandoram armarunt fata venenis,
Fatali erupit pyxide dira lues:
Nunc vere secura dederunt munera divi,
Una fuit pestis pyxidis, una salus.

English'd

English'd by T. B.

WHEN with their plagues the gods equipt Pandora,
 She open'd the box like a confounded whore-a,
 And of diseases strait flew out a score-a.
 But now since Jove, like a good natur'd brother,
 Has giv'n us th' Indian weed to funk and smother,
 One box has made atonement for the other.

*The Seaman's Love-Letter from Plymouth to his
 Mistress in Wapping.*

Dear Madam,

MY long consideration
 Of the great reputation
 You have in this nation
 For your good education,
 Which moves admiration,
 With another qualification,
 Which has kindled love's passion
 In some of high station,
 Gives me invitation,
 And a strong inclination,
 Upon my salvation,
 To become your relation,
 That by honest frication,
 I mean copulation,
 Without fornication,
 I may give you demonstration
 Of the great estimation
 I have for the occupation
 Of your place of titulation.
 So I give intimation,
 That I'm making preparation,
 By a speedy navigation
 To remove my habitation
 To a nearer situation,
 To pay you adoration,
 For the sake of conversation;

And

And if this my declaration,
By your kind acceptation,
Should find approbation,
'Twill impose an obligation,
Without dissimulation,
From generation to generation:
So hoping for consolation
Upon the consummation
Of the work of generation,
I am yours by protestation,

John Jenkins.

A piece of a Country Woman's Poetry, spoke Ex-tempore on her Cheapening a Shoulder of Mutton of one Bennit a Butcher, who asking her an Extravagant Price, she made the following Reply.

I Ndeed goodman Bennit, on this day Iennight,
I bought a shoulder of mutton,
Of goodman Brown of our town,
No better could knife be put in:
I wish I may never stir from hence,
If I am about to tell you a lye,
It cost me no more than fourteen pence;
My son can be witness, for he was by,
May G—d forgive if I think amiss,
'Twas every whit as good as this.

You'll pay for your peeping.

H ER eyes like diamonds, without a flaw,
Black, shining, sparkling, such as mine ne'er saw.
Flee, gazing lovers, from the danger flee,
They strike, they wound, they murder all they see;
No magazine was e'er so full of darts,
Enough to pierce a thousand thousand hearts.

The

The Admiration ceas'd.

WHEN I was young, and passion bore the sway;
 And forc'd my weaker reason to obey,
 I fancy'd joys which never could be found,
 But on Parnassius hills, the poet's ground;
 Woman appear'd to me all o'er divine,
 And did with more than mortal beauty shine;
 Puff'd on by love, that youthful vanity,
 I the adorer was, the goddess she.
 But time, that withers every charming grace,
 And gives to all things a declining face,
 Has at last worn out the idolatry,
 Ungoddes's'd her, and unbesotted me.

To one who desir'd to borrow a Horse.

RIGHT worshipful Frank,
 I humbly thee thank
 For thy kindness received of late;
 Ingratitude sure,
 I cannot endure,
 'Tis a vice that I utterly hate;
 I hear you provide,
 A journey to ride,
 If any would lend you a gennet;
 I protest before G—d,
 Mine are all gone abroad,
 And wont be at home this fennight.
 But yet, my kind Francis,
 If that it so chances,
 A gennet you needs must hire,
 If your business be hasty,
 I'll lend you my masty,
 To carry you out of the mire.
 He's a dainty fine cur,
 You need not him spur,
 If you his condition but knew;
 For he'll prance and he'll gape
 When he carries my ape,
 Much more when he carries you.

On a Merry Lass.

Susan's a mettled jade, all air and fire,
 As merry as a man can well desire:
 She takes delight to laugh, play, dance or sing,
 Will kiss, hug, promise, nay do any thing.
 To any game at cards she'll not say nay,
 But laugh and lie down is her common play.
 At draughts or tables she'll engage with any,
 Only she's apt to bear a man too many.
 At bowls she beats all gamesters young or old,
 Provided always they the rubbers hold,
 And though they still play on, she'll change their
 [gold.] }

The Kissing Lover.

Kisses six hundred, sweet ones too, do'st hear?
 Chloe, six hundred give thy only dear;
 Not such as fathers from their daughters have,
 Nor such as brothers from their sisters crave;
 But such as kinder wives their husbands lend,
 Or the fond maid does give her dearest friend.
 Long kisses I love best; the short retire
 Too soon, are but just tasted and expire;
 Nice lips are not much better than a mute,
 And lifeless marble statue to salute;
 I love, sweet Chloe, to restrain thy tongue,
 And 'twixt my moister lips detain it long;
 Then sucking, pinch it with a mighty bite,
 And like two doves begin a pleasing fight.
 Struggle yet still kiss on, renew our joys,
 And as we bill express a murm'ring noise.
 Kisses like these may sweet as nectar prove,
 Or blest'd ambrosia, which the gods so love.
 If you'll kiss thus, and let my hand beside
 Into your softer bosom gently slide;
 There stroke your breasts, I shall not care one jot,
 For all the kind allurements you have got,
 Beneath that modest veil the petticoat. }

A Curse upon the London Vintners.

SINCE they the noble juice abuse,
 As we have cause to think it,
 May all true toppers wine refuse,
 And none but rabble drink it.

Thus may they slaves to slaves become;
 Till they're despis'd among us;
 And smell no sweeter air at home,
 Than smোক of damn'd mundungus.

May they be curb'd, and live in awe
 Of porters and of carmen;
 And drink no wine but what they draw
 To such mis-judging vermin.

As they deserve, grant mighty Jove,
 That this may be their sentence;
 May stum their ling'ring poison prove,
 And bring them to repentance.

Upon Hogs Puddings. Written by a Jew.

WHAT beast of a glutton can give a good word
 To a pudding, whose bag is the skin of a t—d?
 Or who'd be defil'd by un sanctify'd food,
 Made up of the fat of an arse-gut and blood?
 Refin'd from old dunghills, and foul slimy ditches,
 Where we empty our filth, when we let down our
 [breeches.
 I bless my good stars, who've decreed me a Jew,
 That such coarse Christian diet's ne'er brought to my
 [chew.
 For who but a dog would contentedly dine
 On the heart's blood and guts of a damn'd nasty
 [swine?

Advice to a Jealous Husband.

POOR jealous fool, to thus thy wife confine,
 And make her by herself in private pine;

What

What tho' she's buxom, beautiful, and young,
 Her inclinations vigorous and strong;
 Because she's handsome, must she therefore be
 A wretched prisoner and a slave to thee?
 Must she from church devotion be restrain'd?
 And must her friendly visits be restrain'd?
 Must none admittance to her presence have,
 But sage old kinsmen, neighbours to the grave?
 Must she to none declare her captive state,
 But servile spies must at her elbow wait?
 Must all her youthful charms be thus confin'd,
 And th' injur'd wretch not dare to speak her mind?
 Fye, fye, thou'rt but a greater slave than she,
 Chain'd to the horn, by thy own jealousy:
 Tho' thy wife's chaste, and ne'er so free from faults,
 Thou'rt still an odious cuckold in thy thoughts.
 Fancy, without her aid, cornutes thy brows,
 And to revenge the woman's wrongs bestows
 The very self same torments, plagues and stings,
 A lustful harlot on her husband brings:
 Then vex her not, nor tease thyself, we see
 The watchful dragon could not guard the tree:
 But let thy thoughts and her be unconfin'd,
 And both enjoy the freedom of the mind.
 For 'tis not all the wit and care thou hast,
 But her own prudence that must keep her chaste.
 Virtue's the centry that must guard the door,
 And if that fails, she'll surely be a whore.

The Double Meaning.

I Love with all my heart—The warring cavalier,
 The independent part—So hateful doth appear.
 My conscience gives consent—To fight on Charles's side,
 To obey the parliament,—I never could abide:
 For righteous is the cause—To fight for such a king,
 To fight for Cromwel's laws—Doth England's ruin
 [bring.
 This is my mind and heart—Of this opinion I
 Tho' none will take my part—Resolve to live and die.

Upon

Upon Criticks.

CRiticks their love to ancient authors wed,
 And hate all modern poets till they're dead;
 Instead of meriting, they envy praise,
 And flog with birch all those that aim at bays.
 Wit they have seldom, very often none,
 And cannot do, but carp at what is done;
 Their musty rules, so obsolete and old,
 Must be the touch-stone of our modern gold.
 Pardon me, Sirs, I cannot think it fit,
 That Latin fools should judge of English wit.

The Spendthrift.

LOOK yonder, and behold the wretched state
 Of the gay fool that swagger'd so of late,
 Who was too rich, too proud, too great, too good,
 To be advis'd, disputed, or withstood:
 See how his garb, which but the other day
 Was so profusely fine, so vainly gay,
 Is into shameful rents and tatters torn,
 And he himself become a publick scorn:
 In him we may behold th' unhappy fate,
 Of those made rich too soon, and wise too late.

The Sots.

COME, prithee, honest Jack, fill t'other pipe,
 Let us not part, when just our wits are ripe;
 'Tis much too early to retire to bed,
 Here, drawer, fill us t'other quart of red:
 Home's but a malencholy house of care,
 Children and wives our disturbers are.
 Come fill the glass, at nothing now repine,
 We're only happy when we're o'er our wine.
 Sleep's but the lifeless image of pale death;
 Then let us fill and drink whilst we have breath.
 Come, pull away, 'twill make us brisk and brave,
 There's no such charming liquor in the grave.

The Gossips.

GOOD neighbour how d'ye do? and do again?

I think I have not seen you God knows when;
I hear your husband's gone abroad to day,
So I look'd in, but really cannot stay:
Pray see in what a pickle I am come;
Upon my life I left no soul at home.

Pray, Neighbour, now you're here, sit down a while;
I'll tell you something that will make you smile;
I vow you startled me to hear you speak,
I have not seen you I believe this week;
Ne'er since we drank geneva, you know where,
When merry Mr. — you know who, was there.
Lord how these cunning children stare and leer?
One can say nothing, but these brats must hear:
Get you to school, go firrah, how you stand?
And take your sister with you by the hand.

Come, pray sit down, don't want so much intreating;
Are you for drinking, neighbour, or for eating?

You'll always make one stay, the duce is in ye.
Well, since I'm thus drop'd in I'll spend my penny:
Tho' when I first step'd in, I vow and swear,
I did not think to stay a minute here:

But since there's none but your own self at home,
I'm glad I did so opportunely come.
Prithee, let's smoak one merry whiff, and then
I'll march my way,—The Lord above knows when.

*From a Captain in the English Army, to a Captain
in the Irish Army.*

Kings, just like gods, punish as we deserve,
They punish, by permitting us to starve.

The Answer.

Should kings, like gods, punish as you deserve,
You'd all be hang'd, and not have time to starve.

Upon

Upon Marriage.

THE prudent cautious man that weds for gold,
 Wisely for wealth his liberty has sold;
 What though she proves vexatious, proud and naught,
 Her bags will ballance all the plagues she's brought.
 But he that barely does for beauty wed,
 Is by his wife most finely brought to bed;
 For if dame fortune on their match should frown,
 And with the curse of want their marriage crown,
 No longer will her charms her vows preserve,
 But she turns whore, and leaves the fool to starve.

The various Humours of Mankind.

Give me a charming lass Twangdillo cries,
 I know no happiness but love's sweet joys.
 Give me the bottle, says the red-fac'd sot,
 Damn whores, I'd not give three-pence for a tot.
 For flights and similies the poet raves:
 The learn'd philosopher true knowledge craves.
 The priest for a good benefice lays wait:
 The proud man covets to be rich and great.
 The lover courts to gain the cloven spot,
 And nice Sir Courtly wants he knows not what.
 The soldier loves to conquer when he fights,
 And in the plunder of the town delights.
 The lustful matron seeks for a gallant:
 The ripe young virgin does a husband want.
 But I, poor I, want every thing by turns,
 Except a scolding wife and cuckolds horns.

A Copy of the Association from Topsbam.

We your Majesty's Rightful and Lawful Subjects,

OF loyal conversation,
 Within this corporation,
 Do make protestation
 Of our great Inclination
 To enter into association
 Without equivocation,

Or mental reservation,
For the happy preservation
Of your majesty's royal station,
And the good church and nation,
From transubstantiation;
And the cursed perturbation
Of the Jacobites combination,
To work our desolation
By a horrid assassination,
And French invasion,
Whereof we of royal persuasion,
Without superstitious innovation,
Do pray for the extirpation
Of every hellish machination;
And firmly hope for conversation
From all Romish tribulation,
With perpetual toleration.
By unanimous declaration,
And solemn attestation,
Crave your royal approbation,
And gracious acceptation,
Which will be an obligation,
From generation to generation,
Upon your faithful congregation.

The Taylor's Receipt to the Mercer.

EVER since Cain slew Abel,
Or the building of Babel,
I do hereby at large
Most freely discharge
Sherman the mercer,
By his man the lesser,
The sum of twenty shilling,
Paid very willing,
Justly and truly,
This 25th of July.

Thomas Blunt.

The Beginning and the End of Love.

A Pleasing object gratifies the eye,
 Makes ev'ry sense to make a feast comply:
 The hopes of pleasure captivates the brain,
 And warms the flowing blood in ev'ry vein;
 Till by degrees it kindles up love's fire,
 And arms the fancy with a strong desire:
 Makes us pursue with eagerness and heat
 Those visionary joys we think so sweet,
 Which when obtain'd, we find a foolish cheat.

Upon a Scold.

Eternal fury, hold thy cursed tongue,
 So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long,
 That neither husband, neighbour, friend, nor foe,
 Can be at ease when e'er they hear it go.
 Dread thunder is a much less frightful noise,
 Drums, guns and bells, are musick to thy voice;
 The pili'ry which the perjur'd villain fears,
 Cannot be half so uneasy to the ears;
 Nor is the aching head's vexatious pain,
 Half so tormenting to a sickly brain.
 Then Lord defend, and keep my ears secure,
 From that sad plague which none but death can cure.

To the Proprietor of the Parnassus Packet.
Parnassus, 11th of May, 1702.

On Poetry. A Satyr.

O Vid a story tells, his wreath to grace,
 How Phœbus and young Daphne run a race;
 The poets fancy, the swift maid pursued,
 And turn'd her into laurel to delude.
 Since which the bays Apollo's brows adorn,
 And are by heroes, and by poets worn:

- Heroe and poet, those two fops of men,
 One's skull's too thick, and t'other is too thin,
 But leaving the knight-errant to his rage,
 'Tis with the other laureat I'll engage.
- 10 That nameless thing a poet never made,
 A monster like himself, tho' 'tis his trade.
 His veins, sometimes, in mighty numbers swell,
 And love, and hate, and war, and battles tell.
- 15 He'll take an age to make an heroe be
 As mad in arms, as he's in poerry.
 Oft he in fury does his satyr wher,
 And his point levels at the rich and great,
 When they his expectation do defeat. }
- 20 But when with whining verse he writes to Philly,
 Nothing is so impertinently silly;
 He talks of sacred groves and hellicon,
 And of the mighty hills he dreams upon.
 Let him talk of bowers, fields, and streams,
- 25 Yet all his vast possessions are but dreams.
 His spring is ale, when he can get no claret,
 And his Parnassus is a lofty garret;
 Where fancy'd flames his heaving breast inspires,
 Having no other but the muse's fire.
- 30 He says, that verse immortal fame can give,
 Whilst the poor madman scarce find means to live.
 But this is truth too bold, and when I tell it,
 'Tis thus I fancy, Cythius autem veller;
 Wretch that thou art to ridicule the flame,
- 35 Which gives to mortals an immortal fame;
 Tell me for once, Apollo, tell me true,
 What's this immortal fame? what can it do?
 Can it obtain a louis d'or, or guinea,
 For the fool that whines and flatters like a ninny.
- 40 Or get a dinner at Pontack's and Locker's,
 For the spark that hath both empty guts and pockets?
 Can it a bottle gain without a louse?
 Or keep a thread bare jacket from a louse?
 In case of need can it procure a friend?
- 45 Or can it make a scornful lady bend?
 Great Sirs, you know the wise on money fix,
 And he's the bravest that hath coach and six;
 'Tis gold that makes the beau and blockhead witty,
- 50 Whilst starving poets beg with jingling ditty,

What says the oracle to these queries?

Dic et tu mihi magnus, Apollo cries.

Well, since the god of wit says nothing to it,
I'll neither be a heroe, nor a poet.

Epitaphs Serious and Comical.

On Queen Mary, of Blessed Memory.

WITHIN this urn her sacred ashes rest,
Who was of comforts, and of queens the best,
In person beautiful, in temper mild,
Her mind serene, with passions undefil'd;
Her virtue sullied by no wrath nor pride,
Forgiving smiles did her resentments hide;
Unblam'd she liv'd, and reign'd without a foe,
Forward to pardon, but to punish slow.
To Christian rules she strictly liv'd confin'd,
Was just to God, and good to all mankind.
The church's guardian angel she appear'd,
Her piety its declining grandure rear'd;
Pop'ry cast out by her reforming charms,
And hug'd the fainting kingdom in her arms:
But here her fragrant relics lie inter'd,
Whilst her just soul enjoys its blest reward.

On his Majesty King William.

HERE lies the fam'd illustrious prince,
William the third, both great and good,
Who England sav'd without th' expence
Of friends or adversary's blood:
With steady hands he rul'd the reins,
Was cautious here, and warchful there;
Neither inflam'd the British plains,
Nor chill'd the soil for want of care.

France trembled at his warlike sword,
Whilst England in her safety joy'd ;
His active soul with virtue stor'd,
Was ne'er at ease, unless employ'd.

Had jealous England truly known
The royal virtues he possess'd,
He had not only blest the throne,
But left the kingdom double blest.

Great was his birth, and great his name ;
Great were his deeds, and here he lies,
Yet ages cannot blast his fame,
Who now is great above the skies.

*A Character of King William the Third, at-
tempted by an ingenious and faithful Lover of his
King and Country.*

HE was ! but is no more
The head, hand, and heart of the confederacy.
Asserter of liberty, and deliverer of nations,
Support of the empire,
Bulwark of Holland, Flanders,
Preserver of Britain,
Reducer of Ireland,
Terror of France.
His thoughts were wise and secret,
Words few and faithful.
Actions many and heroick.
Government without tyranny.
Justice without rigour.
Religion without superstition.
He was great without pride,
Valiant without violence,
Victorious without triumph,
Active without weariness,
Cautious without fear,
Meritorious without thanks.
King, queen, prince, potentate, the world ne'er saw,
So wise, just, honest, valiant as Nassau.
He was! —————

But words are wanting to say what;
Say all that's great and good, and he was that.

*An Epitaph on the Duke of Grafton, who was
killed at the taking of Cork in Ireland. Written
by a Cabin-Boy of a Ship.*

Beneath this place
Is stow'd his grace
The duke of Grafton,
As true a blade
As e'er was made,
Or e'er had haft on
Mark'd with a scar
Was fam'd for war.
Of metal true
As ever drew,
Or made a pass
At lad or lass,
This son of Mars
Ne'er hung an arse;
Or turn'd his tail,
Tho' shot like hail
Flew 'bout his ears,
Tho' pikes and spears,
So thick they hid the sun,
He bravely led 'em on,
More like a devil than a man.
He ne'er wou'd dread
Shot made of lead,
Or cannon ball,
Nothing at all;
But a bullet of Cork
Soon did his work.
Unhappy pellet,
With grief I tell it;
Thou'lt quite undone
Great Cæsar's son;
A statesman spoil'd,
A soldier foil'd.
G—d rot him
That shot him;

A son of a whore,
I'll say no more,
But here lies Henry duke of Grafton.

On Arch-B——p S———t.

HERE lies the reverend S——'s dust,
Whose loyal sufferings all discerning,
Are used as glories by the just,
To crown his piety and learning.
Till death, his knowledge had no end,
His active soul was so capacious,
He liv'd the church's faithful friend,
And died a second Arhanasius.
His conscience just, his spirit brave,
His virtues greater fame inherit,
Than Grecian worthies in the grave,
Or all the Roman saints could merit.
His mem'ry fully'd with no crime,
Will of that worth and durance be;
'Twill bury churches, out-live time,
And stand up with eternity.

On a Knight who was beheaded in the troublesome Times.

HERE lies the relicks of a martyr'd knight,
Whose loyalty, unspotted as the light,
Seal'd with his blood his injur'd sov'reign's right,
His head the state did from his body sever,
Because, when living, 'twas his just endeavour,
To join the nation and its head together.
He boldly fell, girt round with weeping soldiers,
Imploring Heaven for th' good of the beholders,
So to cut H——'s head from England's shoulders.

On the Reverend Mr. Richard Robins. By N. T.

HERE lies the fleshly prison, but the faint
Triumphs in Heaven, free from all restraint,
Blest Robins! Death to him has lost his sting,
His great aspiring soul has taken wing:

Soaring reach'd higher than the starry sky,
He liv'd by faith, and did with transport die.

*On an old Soldier, who, long before he died, lost both
Legs in the Service of his Country.*

BEneath this stone, here lieth one,
Who in his race of life to death,
Was by his own two legs out-run,
Altho' they were first out of breath:
He followed twenty years behind,
When they had long perform'd their course;
They got the start, which was unkind,
But now the're met 'tis ne'er the worse.
His courage sure did death provoke,
Who trying if his heart was sound,
Struck both his legs off at one stroke,
Yet could not bring him to the ground.
Till age at last drew on decay,
Hasten'd by bruises, cuts, and thumps,
Then death commanding him away,
Forc'd him to march upon his stumps.

*On a Dutchman who was a great Lover of Fish,
and happened to choak himself with over Eagerness
at a Fish Dinner.*

HERE truly lies, for all our jeering
The quintessence of pickled herring;
For fish he lov'd like any otter,
Nay better when ' was out of water,
And swam a second time in butter.
But like those sons that can't forbear
The bottle, or the charming fair,
Beneath their fate the glutton fell,
And dy'd with that he lov'd so well.
In this condition here he lies,
Till Dutchman shall to Heaven rise;
And when that joyful time will be,
The Lord above may tell for me.

On a Man that died of the foul Disease.

HERE lies poor Wimbleton, God rest his soul,
Bit by a damn'd snap dragon in a hole;
The wound was mortal, none could do him good,
But death, who cur'd what no physician could;
Hard was his fate! Farewell departed brother,
Toss'd by one dirty hole into another.

*On a Wool Comber, who was hang'd for
Sheep-Stealing.*

BENEATH this gallows lies Tom Kemp,
Who liv'd by wooll, and dy'd by hemp.
The fleece would not suffice the glutton,
But with it he must steal the mutton.
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hang'd for a sheep-biter.

*Spoke extempore by a Seaman on his Comrade, that
was Shot in an Engagement, and flung over-
board.*

INtomb'd within a liquid wave
Lies honest Philip, once so brave;
Such men as he the queen had need of;
Pox take the ball that shot his head off,
And at once sent his brawny crupper,
To give some greedy shark a supper.
Fire, my lads, by all that's good,
We'll fight till we revenge his blood.
It never shall be said but we,
To one we lose, will knock down three.

*On a Man that choak'd himself with a Bit of
new Bread.*

BY many folks it has been said,
The only staff of life is bread;
How could it then stop Simon's breath,
And be th' occasion of his death?

One little morsel prov'd his last,
Which he devour'd in so much haste,
That angry death in passion swore
He ne'er should swallow one bit more.

*On an old Woman, occasioned by a Sexton filling up
her Grave with a wooden Leg.*

HERE lies an old woman, G—d d—n her,
That liv'd at the sign of the Hammer.
She died of the cholick ;
A very pretty frolick,
To see how the sexton did ram her.

*A Man, who had no Children by his Wife, told her
when she died the following should be her Epitaph.*

UNDER this slate
Lies barren Kate.

Who replied, then this shall be your's.

UNDER this stone
Lies one that had none.

*On John Brown, who killed himself with eating of
Curds. Written by his Wife.*

HERE lies John Brown, a man of few words,
Who kill'd his own self with eating of curds;
But had he been rul'd by Joan his wife,
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

*On Chancellor Hide's Son, who died a Youth at
Westminster School, and was buried in the Abbey.
Written with a Piece of Chalk upon his Stone, by
one of his School fellows.*

HERE lies Ned Hide,
Because he dy'd;

We had much rather
It had been his father;
Had it been his sister,
We had not mist her,
But since 'tis Ned
That here lies dead,
Who was in truth,
A pretty youth,
Let fall a tear upon his stone,
To shew your sorrow he is gone.

*On Sir John Calf, who was three Times Lord-mayor
of York.*

HERE lies Sir John Calf, who was three times
Lord-mayor of this city.

Honour, honour, honour.

A Spark reading it, writes thus underneath.

OH cruel death! more subtle than a fox,
Who would not let this calf become an ox,
That he might browse among the briars and thorns,
And wear among his brethren, horns, horns, horns.

*On Mr. Veal, who died of a Surfeit of Gammon
of Bacon.*

HERE lies John Veal, by death o'er-taken,
When surfeited with too much bacon.

*A Carpenter coming through the Church-yard, with
a Piece of Chalk writes this under.*

IT is a wond'rous thing to me,
Bacon and Veal should disagree.

In Sandwich Church-yard there remains upon a Stone this incoherent Epitaph, supposed to be upon some Irishman and his Wife.

U
Nderneath, all alone,
Lies Thomas Stone,
With his wife Joan,
Oh hone! oh hone!

On one Mr. Tame's Wife, whose Maiden Name was Wild.

I
Ntomb'd here lies my dearest dame,
I woo'd her wild, and made her tame
Lo! here she lies without bed or blanket,
Dead as a door-nail, God be thanked.

On Abraham, a Taylor's Wife, whose Name was Sarah.

F
ROM Abraham's bosom full of lice,
To Abraham's bosom in Paradise,
The soul of Sarah took its flight,
And bid the lousy rogue good night.

On Thomas Saffin, in Stepney Church-yard.

H
ERE Thomas Saffin lies inter'd, O why?
Born in New-England, did in London die;
Was the third son of eight, begot upon
His mother Martha, by his father John:
Belov'd by his prince he began to be,
Till nipt by death at the age of twenty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
By which his mother and three brethren came
To breathe their last some several years before,
Leaving their aged father to deplore
The loss of all his children, with a wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

On Marsh an Informer.

STAY, reader, and pifs here, for it is said,
Under this dirt a sly informer's laid.
If Heaven be pleas'd when mortals cease to sin,
And hell be pleas'd when villains enter in,
And earth be pleas'd when it intombs a knave,
Sure all is pleas'd now Marsh is in his grave.

On a good Woman.

THE dame that takes her rest within this tomb,
Had Rachel's face, and Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part.

*On the Lord L——n, who expir'd in the Act of
Generation.*

HERE fast asleep,
Full twelve foot deep,
The earl of L——n lies.
Who with his own spade
His own grave made,
Betwixt his lady's thighs.

A Passenger reading it, added as follows :

IF thro' that hole
To Heaven he stole,
I will be bold to say,
He was the last
That ever past,
And first that found that way.

*On a young Lady that died on her Wedding day
before her Bridegroom had bedded her ; who caused
a double Stone to be put over her, with this
Epitaph.*

Beneath here lies a marry'd maid,
Whose grave became her bridal-bed ;
But since she elop'd as soon as wedded,
And dy'd a virgin-bride, unbedded,
Her bridegroom to her memory's honour,
Has plac'd a pair of stones upon her ;
Resolving, since alive she'd none,
When dead, she should have more than one ;
But whilst he breaths he still is grieving,
To think she had 'em not when living.

Under-writ by a Passenger..

Perhaps the pretty bird was flown
That he so much rely'd upon ;
Which made her die with grief affected,
To think she'd lost what he expected.
'Tis true her case was something hard,
But dead, one stone he might have spar'd :
Because when living, many swear,
She had been cover'd with a pair.

Songs and Ballads.

On Queen Mary's Death. A Song.

Sordid fate to snatch from earth
 The brightest soul that e'er had birth;
 Virtue, wit and beauty's fled,
 To grace the mansions of the dead.

To mourn for her so just and fair,
 A crown of cypress will I wear;
 O'er her urn I'll daily weep,
 Wherein her sacred ashes sleep.

Grieve so bright a creature,
 Bless'd by Heav'n and nature,
 Should with each majestick feature,
 In the dust be laid.

But, oh! she's dead, dead, dead, dead, dead,
 Oh! she's dead,
 Oh! she's dead, dead, dead.

But since our tears cannot a moment save,
 From greedy death the wife or great,

Or call them back a minute from the grave,
 Why should we grieve, or thus lament her fate?

For virtue, wit and beauty, mortal are,
 When fate commands they must away,

Where kings and beggars, homely and the fair,
 Free from contempt of envy mix their clay.

Then let's forget
 To mourn the fate
 Of good or great,
 When once they're gone,

And merry be,
 To think such shrubs as we
 Escape and see
 Such lofty pines cut down.

*Sorrow drown'd in a Glas : Or, the dead Mistress
soon forgot.*

Since Corina's fled away,
To the blessings of immortal day,
And left me thus behind on earth,
To give my sorrows daily birth.

I'll to some cool shade retire,
Where turtles wings shall fan my fire;
My sweet-ton'd lute I'll tune, and play
The tedious hours of life away.
Corina's name my song shall be,
The birds shall join in harmony.

Thus banish misery,
And merry, merry be;
I'll sing and play
My time away
Beneath a shady tree.

But since she's gone, why should I grieve?
My sighs cannot the loss retrieve :

'Tis a folly to be sad,
For sorrow makes us mad;
It's better far
To drown our care,
And make our spirits glad.

CHORUS.

Come hither
You birds that are of a feather,
And as the old Proverb says,
Let's flock together.
Here's wine boys,
So sparkling, so pleasant, and fine boys,
Such sacred liquor,
Drowns ev'ry ill design, boys.
Let's toss off our glasses,
Whilst others damn'd plots are devising,
Thus drink till our faces
Look red as the sun at his rising.

The

The Doctor.

SEE, Sirs, see here, a doctor rare,
 Who travel'd much at home;
 Here take my pills, take my pills, I cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come.

The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the itch, the
 [gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the bonny scrubs, and all, all, all,
 [all, all Pandora's box;

Thousands I have dissected,
 Thousands more erected,
 And such cures effected as none e'er can tell.

Let the cholick rack-ye,
 Let the palsy shake-ye,
 Let the crinkums break-ye,
 Let the murrain take-ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well.
 Thousands, &c.

Come wits so keen,
 Devour'd with spleen,
 Come beaus who've strain'd your backs;
 Great belly'd maids,
 Old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizard cracks.

I soon remove the pains of love,
 And ease the love-sick maid;
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The living and the dead.

I clear the lass with waincoat face,
 And from pingennets free,
 Plump ladies red,
 Like Saracen's head,
 With toping ratafia.

This with a jirk,
 Will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er,
 Read, judge and try, and if you die,
 Never believe me more,
 Never, never, never, never, never believe me more.

Here

Here are people and sports,
 Of all fizes and sorts,
 Coach'd damsel and 'squire,
 And mob in the mire;
 Tarpaulins,
 Trugmullians,
 Lords, ladies,
 Sows, babies,
 And loobies in scores,
 Some hauling,
 Some bawling,
 Some leering,
 Some fleering,
 Some loving,
 Some shoving,
 With legions of furbilow'd whores:

To the taverns some go,
 And some to a show :

 See poppits,
 For moppits,
 Jack puddings
 For cuddens,
 Rope-dancing;
 Mares prancing,
 Boats flying,
 Quacks lying,
 Pick pockets,
 Pick plackers,
 Beasts, butchers, and beaus:
 Fops prattling;
 Dice rattling;
 Rooks shamming,
 Puts damning,
 Whores painted,
 Masks tainted,

In tally-man's furbilow'd cloaths:

The mobs joy would you know,
 To the musick-house go,

 See taylors,
 And sailors,
 Whores oily,
 In doyley,

Here musick makes you sick,

Cows skipping,

Clowns tripping,

Some joaking,

Some smoaking,

Like spiggot and tap;

Short measure,

Strange pleasure,

Thus billing,

And swilling,

Some yearly,

Get fairly for fairings,

Pig, pork, and a clap.

War with the Leviathan: Or the Royal Fishers.

By R. S.

Where you Epitomiz'd may see

What crews to Sea Long-Island sends ;

What, and how great those Hazards be,

Which on that brave Design attends.

The Tune. Hey to the Temple.

WHY stay we at home now the season is come?

Jolly lads let us liquor our throats;

Our interest we wrong, if we tarry too long,

Then all hands, let us fit out our boats ;

Let each man prepare

Of the tackling his share,

By neglect a good voy'ge may be lost ;

Come I say,

Let's away,

Make no stay

Nor delay,

For the winter brings whales on the coast.

Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in the head,

And Sam in the stern bravely stands,

As rugged a crew (if you give them their due)

As e'er did take oars in their hands :

Such heroes as these

Will with blood stain the seas

When

When they join with their resolute mates,
 Who with might,
 Void of fright,
 With delight,
 Boldly fight

Mighty whales, as if they were but sprats.

Come coil in the warp, see the hatchet be sharp,
 And make ready the irons and launce;
 Each man ship his oar, and leave nothing on shore,
 That is needful the voy'ge to advance;
 See the buoy be made tight,
 And the drug fitted right,
 So that nothing be wanted anon:

Never doubt,
 But look out,
 Round about,
 There's a spout,

Come away, boys, let's launch if we can.

The surf runs so high, 'twill be down bye and bye,
 Take a slash to go off; now 'twill do,

Huzza! Launch amain, for the sea grows again

Pull up briskly a stroke, boys, or two,
 Ha, well row'd! 'tis enough,
 We are clear of the surf,

Ev'ry hand heave out water a-pace,

There's the whale,
 That's her back,
 That looks black;
 There's her wake,

Pull away, boys, let's give her a chace.

Ha! well row'd, jolly trouts, put away, there she spouts,

And we gain of her briskly I find,

We are much about her ground, let's take a dram round,

And her rising be sure let us mind;

She is here just a head,

Stand up Tom, pull up Ned;

We are fast, back a-stern what ye may,

Hold on, lad!

I'm afraid,

She's a jade,

She's so mad,

She's a scrag, for your lives cut away.

It is but in vain to despond or complain,
Tho' we've met with misfortunes already,
'Tis courage must do, for the Proverb you know,
A faint heart never won a fair lady.

Come, this is no disgrace,
Pull up, lads, t'other chace,
Our mates will be fast without doubt;
So, what cheer?

We are near,
She is there,
No she's here,
Just a-stern; jolly hearts, pull about.

Pull briskly, for there she's risen very fair,
Back a-stern, it is up to the strap:
Well done Tom, bravely throw'd, chearly lads, bravely
[row'd.

'Tis not always we meet with mishap;
Veer out warp, let her run,
She will quickly have done:
Well done mate, 'twas a brave second stroke.

Now she jirks,
Who can work,
Veer out warp,
She tows sharp.
Hang the blacksmith, our launce it is broke.

Pull in head, haul in warp, for she tows not so sharp,
But's beginning to flounce and to strike;
Fit a launce, let us try, if we can by and by
Give her one gentle touch to the quick.
Bravely throw'd, jolly lad;
She's nothing nigh so mad

As she was; t'other launce may do good;
Well done Tom,
That was home
To her womb,
Makes her foam,
She's sick at the heart, she spouts blood.

The bus'ness is done, launch no more, let's alone,
'Tis her flurry, she's dead as a herring;
Let's take her in tow, and all hands stoutly row,
And mate Sam prithee mind well thy steering;

The wind begins to blow,
 And the sea bigger grow,
 Every man put his strength to his oar :
 Leave to prate,
 Now 'tis late ;
 Well row'd mate,
 Hey for Kate,
 She's aground, cut away, let's ashore.
 Come turn up the boats, let's put on our coats,
 And to Ben's, there's a cheripping cup :
 Let's comfort our hearts, ev'ry man his two quarts,
 And tomorrow all hands to cut up.
 Betimes leave your wives,
 Bring your hooks and your knives,
 And let none lie a-bed like a lubber :
 But begin,
 With the sun,
 To have done
 Before noon,
 That the carts may come down for the lubber.

Upon the Alteration of the Coin.

GOOD people what will you of all be bereft?
 Will you never learn wit whilst a penny is left?
 We're all like the dog in the fable betray'd,
 To let go our substance and snap at a shade ;
 The specious pretences,
 And foreign expences,
 In war for religion will waste all our chink,
 It's snip'd, and it's clip'd,
 And it's spent, and it's lent,
 Till it's gone to the Dutch and the devil I think.
 We pay for our new-born, we pay for our dead,
 We pay if we're single, and pay if we wed,
 Which shews that our merciful senate don't fail,
 To begin at the head, and tax down to the tail.
 We pay thro' the nose
 For subjecting our foes,
 Yet for all our expence we get nothing but blows ;
 Abroad we're defeated,
 At home we are cheated,
 The end, O the end on't, the Lord above knows:

We've

We've parted with all our old money to shew
How we foolishly hope for a plenty of new;
But should have remember'd when't came to the push,
That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush:

We silly poor wretches
Are kept under hatches,
At rack and at manger like beasts in the ark,
Since our burghers and knights
Makes us pay for our lights,
Why should we, like madmen, be kept in the dark.

Against Musick.

Musick's a crochet, the sober think vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection:
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection.
Musicians are half witted, merry, and mad,
And those are the same that admire 'em:
They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid,
And the other are blockheads to hire e'm.

C H O R U S.

The organ's but humming,
Theorboe but thrumming;
The viol and voice
Is but jingle and noise;
The bagpipe and fiddle
Cries twiddle and diddle;
The hautboy and flute,
Is but toot-a-toot toot.
Your scales and your cliffs, keys, moods, and dull rules,
Are fit to please none but madmen and fools.

F I N I S.

14 OCT 67

